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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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PERILS OF THE SEA.

THE BUOY-LIGHT, DROPPED FROM A SHIP TO MARK THE PLACE WHERE PERSONS MAY HAVE FALLEN OVERBOARD, OR WHERE A COLLISION MAY HAVE OCCURRED.—SUGGESTED BY THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.
SEE PAGE 261.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
337 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27, 1873.

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CUBA.

PATRIOTIC people are not exactly satisfied with the diplomatic conclusion of the *Virginius* case. Since the subject has been so thoroughly discussed, the people are not few who believe that our Government ought to go behind the shooting, and destroy the motives that led to the barbarity. Spanish atrocity in Cuba is not merely accidental or spasmodic; it is historical.

Spain has been the cause of the atrocities, by sending to the Island, during the last four years, eighty thousand Volunteers. These brutes, in the uniform of Spain, are preparing to avenge themselves for the surrender of the *Virginius*, by renewed exertions against the poor Cubans in the mountains. It is unreasonable to say that Spain has no right to put down rebellion. But we indignantly protest against the manner of suppressing it. Fair, open combat with an enemy is one thing; the torturing of wives and daughters, in order to intimidate the Cuban rebels, is quite a different matter. If Spain did not send her legions, the butcheries and outrages would cease. The war in Cuba should end; concessions should be made to the patriots; the Volunteers, not necessary to man the forts or to engage in business, should be withdrawn; and, if Spain chooses to retain her territory in Cuba, the Island should be declared a colonial republic. The United States have a right to propose, to urge and to do all in her power to secure the consummation of these measures. And we predict that if Spain insists on having a republic in Europe and a tyranny in America, the time is near when an act of brutality on the part of the Volunteers will result in their being driven from the Island, and in Cuba becoming free.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS.

GENERAL GRANT, in his recent Message, seemed for a moment to rise above politics and to enter the province of pure criticism, when he said that "in the midst of great national prosperity a financial crisis has occurred that has brought low fortunes of gigantic proportions; political partisanship has almost ceased to exist, especially in the agricultural regions." But parties, as Burke said, are inseparable from free government, and no people now in existence can act "spontaneously"

on a political problem, as William Cullen Bryant once suggested that the opponents of the Republican Party could do. The dominant principles of the Government in 1876 will be those of a majority of the people combined into a party. This party, in its spirit, composition and leadership, will be essentially new. Not only are the political ideas of the masses experiencing a slow and quiet revolution, but the social disturbances of the country are compelling men to change their political relations and desires. You cannot turn the kaleidoscope without making a new combination.

In the financial errors of both the people and the Government, and in the results of our national life during the past twelve years, are the urgent causes of change. The humble farmer who put his potato-profits into the pine-barren bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad was as blind as Jay Cooke. Both invested money in a mirage. Only those who were as wise as Voltaire refused to believe that the philosopher's stone is to be found in the paper-mills. But suddenly, when great profits and high wages cease to be made because capital and labor have over-produced, men say that the Government that did not control itself better than the people did must suffer representative atonement. Empty purses open men's eyes. People are getting purer and more economical, and they demand a party that shall give large and general expression to purity and economy. If they must go back to slow times, they will have a slow party. Conservatism is no longer the faith of the stupid when conservatism ceases to pay. What meets it now that the government does not interfere with private money-making? In times of awakening disaster something else besides toleration is found to be needed.

Yet, let us take the beam out of our own eye before we pluck the mote out of our Congressman's. Let us make shift, and say that we have surrendered reason to party superstition; that the straight ticket was sometimes a bargain and sale, and that yet we criminally voted it; and that we elected men we did not like, merely because they must be put on the ticket for party services. Have we not allowed our townships, counties and cities to become almost bankrupt, because of the legislation of ignorant men whom we elected, knowing them to be ignorant? Is not every city in the country, from New York to San Francisco, a municipal ulcer plastered over with municipal bonds? If we sowed the smallest dragon's teeth, we should not expect them to spring up anything but the smallest men. If as voters we are failures, let us not deride women for wanting to help us, or legislators for making mistakes. The error was that we did not choose good legislators. We have indulged too freely in paying workers-for-the-ticket with places, and they have indulged too freely in legislating when they did not know how to legislate.

We see this. The new spirit, now capacious and wondering, will generate a purer and more restrained party than any we have. It will not rush to extremes, but will go a little way towards the extremes, just as the stone that rolls down one hill bounds a little way up the other. We have faith in this new movement. The politicians will disappear in it like a herd of rabbits licked up by a prairie-fire. The masses are only waiting for some untrammelled genius to give to their restless feeling a statesmanlike interpretation and a crystallizing impulse.

THE IRONCLAD QUESTION.

THEORETICALLY, ironclad men-of-war ought to be impregnable. The question appears to be a very simple one—viz: to construct a ship which no shot can pierce. When this is done, it would seem that the crew would be perfectly safe against the attack of any hostile vessel, and hence that a nation possessed of an ironclad fleet would irresistibly dominate the seas.

But there are fatal defects in this theory of the impregnability of ironclads. In the first place, there is a limit to the weight of iron which a cuirassed ship can float, while there is practically no limit to the calibre of the guns which her opponent may carry. And in the second place, the introduction of steam rams as weapons of naval warfare has totally changed the conditions upon which the impregnability of ironclad vessels was predicated.

As every one knows, when Napoleon III. built the ironclad frigate *La Gloire*, the largest ordnance practically in use was the 68 pounder. Now, to withstand shot of this weight, only three or four inches of iron were necessary. *La Gloire* and her English rival the *Warrior* could easily float this weight of armor, and hence they were, as they claimed to be, impervious to hostile shot.

But the struggle between armor and ordnance, which began with the launching of *La Gloire*, has lasted ever since, and the results demonstrate that the victory must be with the guns. The 15-inch American gun, or the 600-pound English Blakely gun, throw projectiles which will pierce any armored frigate in Europe. The broadside ironclad has reached its furthest development in the direction of defense. No broadside ship, whether wooden or iron, can be built which will carry the weight of armor necessary to repel a 600, or even a 460, pound ball, and yet keep afloat in a seaway. The armor can only be increased at

the cost of buoyancy, and a broadside ship that can float ten inches of iron plating cannot be built.

We come, then, to the monitor principle, as the only one by which ships can be constructed so as to carry armor that will repel the projectiles of modern ordnance. The monitor-turret can be made of fifteen inches of iron, and thus made, can hardly be pierced by any gun in the possession of any European Power. Still, as the attack of the monitors on Fort Sumter proved, the monitor-turret is liable to become so much injured by a heavy cannonade as to be incapable of revolution, and hence practically useless; while the men in the interior, although no shot or shell can reach them, may be struck down by flying bolt-heads. And then the monitor, although it will float its weight of iron in calm water, is manifestly unseaworthy in heavy weather. The lack of buoyancy which characterizes the monitor is a matter of no consequence in a quiet harbor, but it is an insuperable obstacle in the way of sending a monitor on even so short a Winter voyage as that from Philadelphia to Key West.

Moreover, even the monitor-turret, which, judging from the performances of the *Manhattan*, has reached its maximum weight, could not resist the 1,000-pound ball of the 20-inch gun. And there is no reason why larger guns should not be made. We have not begun to reach the limit where the weight of the metal of a single gun equals the power of flotation of the ship which is to carry it, while we have reached the limit of the weight of armor which even a monitor will carry.

But ironclads have been in use for nearly fifteen years, and have achieved no such results as were expected from them. It has been shown in our own civil war that the torpedo is as dangerous to an ironclad as it is to a light wooden ship; and the battle of Lissa, where the Austrian unarmored ships proved more than a match for the ironclads, showed how the theoretical advantages of the latter disappear when put to the test of active warfare.

Now, the recent Spanish difficulty has called attention to the state of our navy, and will doubtless lead to new plans for its improvement. We should not build broadside ironclads, for they are no defense against modern ordnance. We need build no more monitors, for we have already enough for harbor defense, and they are plainly unfit to go to sea. What our navy does need is a fleet of swift corvettes, like the *Florida*, which can make twenty miles per hour under steam, and which can carry a few 11 and 15-inch guns. With these we can fight any naval power in the world. Our *Floridas* could always escape by their superior speed from any overwhelming force, and could destroy any ironclad by running her down—as the *Ré d'Italia* was run down at Lissa. Within a few years ironclad ships will be as obsolete for cruising purposes as are the chain and plate armor suits of the middle ages. We ought to recognize this fact, and prepare for the future by building the swift, strong, heavily armed wooden ships which will alone prove of service.

WALL STREET AND THE
PEOPLE.

IT is a great mistake to suppose, as a great many do, that finance is a matter which concerns only Wall Street and Congressmen. On the contrary, it concerns every reader of this paper, and as intimately and as much as it concerns Commodore Vanderbilt or Mr. Jay Gould, and quite as much as it concerns the gentlemen who tinker at the subject in Washington. There is no such thing as a monopoly in money-dealing. Everybody who buys or sells, sells or buys money. The grocer who sells eggs and butter over a counter buys his customer's money with them just as much as his customer buys the grocer's commodities. If butter and eggs are plenty, compared with money, he gets less; if money is plenty, compared with these articles, the customer gets less. Therefore, when anything is done in Wall Street or at Washington to change the quantity of money accessible, every buyer and seller all over the broad land is immediately and directly affected. We need make no excuse, then, for pointing out briefly, and as clearly as we can, what is going on in financial matters. If we succeed even moderately well, it will be a service to all our readers.

In Wall Street, which is the money centre of the country, whose operations determine all others, we regret to have to say that the present tendency is to return to those practices which largely helped on, if they did not wholly cause, the panic. The effort of a number of conservative bankers to change the methods of banking business for the better, which, when we last wrote on the subject, there was every reason to suppose would succeed, has fallen through. The two things which were undertaken were to abolish the custom of paying interest on demand deposits, and to abolish the custom of certifying brokers' checks as good when there was no money to the brokers' credit to pay them with. These practices led to the panic in this way: Money all over the country is deposited in the local banks. The local banks send it to New York banks, induced by the promise of 4 per cent. interest paid upon it. The New

York banks, having the money on hand, and being obliged by law to keep one-fourth of it as a reserve, find that they really pay 5 1/2 per cent for it. That is, they receive \$100; they promise to pay \$4 a year for the use of it; they can only use \$75 of the \$100; on this amount \$4 is equal to 5 1/2 per cent. They must loan it, then, at a higher rate than this, and as it is subject to call, they must loan most of it on call. This they have to do chiefly to brokers. The brokers borrowing it, at a higher rate than 5 1/2 per cent, must make it pay a rate still higher than the one they give. Now, high profits are always, in the long run, coupled with great risks. These great risks the brokers not only take, but make. That is, they not only put their money on stocks in which there are rapid and extreme fluctuations, but they tax their ingenuity and energy to the utmost to cause extreme fluctuations. Almost their whole business, indeed, has for years been betting on the rise and fall of stocks, and then scheming to win their bets.

This is the operation of the payment of a uniform rate of interest by the banks on demand deposits. But this is aggravated, in the second place, by certifying brokers' checks falsely. For instance, if a broker buys \$100,000 worth of stock, he pays for it in a check. The check is taken to his bank and certified to be good, though, in fact, he may not have \$10,000 in the bank, the understanding being that he will make it good by night. In other words, he is lent \$90,000 for a day, without security, at whatever rate of interest he may have agreed to pay on his balances. Obviously he is placed in a position that urges him to very great, and perhaps to desperate, ventures. Now, as most brokers depend for their profits on rapid changes in values, and as these changes are in most cases fictitious, and do not correspond to any actual changes in the enterprises the stocks represent, it is plain that if any accident interrupts operations on the market, the whole vast machinery is put in peril of a general smash-up. If brokers suddenly grow afraid to stake their money on an advance of prices, and all go to betting on a fall, they will not make their profits; they will be unable to pay their banks the enormous loans they have contracted; the city banks will with difficulty be able to pay the country banks; the country banks cannot pay the manufacturers, merchants and farmers whose money they hold; those who are employers of labor cannot pay their employes; and the whole population for a time, greater or less, as the case may be, suffers inconvenience or distress because the system of Wall Street business is a vicious and dangerous one.

We have said that the effort to reform these abuses has failed. It was made through the association of the banks known as the Clearing House Association. We are bound to say that some conservative bankers opposed the movement on account of the means chosen, and not on account of the end sought. We hope some way may be found, therefore, to unite the friends of the reforms, and to secure their adoption. If this cannot be done by combined action, can it not be done by individual action on a common principle? If it cannot, it will not only be a great misfortune to the country, as we have shown, but a great disgrace to the banks. We have held, and strongly, that the banks could manage their business better than the Government could manage it for them; but it will be very mortifying to have to confess that they are balked by so simple and so obviously necessary a task as is now before them.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

There is a time of life when men go to preaching lest they should be preached to.

Now that General Sickles comes to the front again, papers are trying to call him the murderer of Barton Key. He only shot Key.

SOME Democratic journals are amusing themselves by declaiming against Oakes Ames. He is dead; let him alone. He made good shovels all his life; and when he shuffled off his mortal coil, he dissolved partnership with this world's troubles.

SOME of the workmen of New York threaten to buy provisions and have them charged to the City. But who among the provision-dealers will trust the City of New York at the asking of a man? Suppose they have the provisions charged to Buffalo, or Paris, or Dublin?

It will appear that, under the present régime in France, priests are not to be trifled with. Seventeen youths of a village, in the Department Isère, composed and sang a song attributing to a priest the introduction of politics in a political allocation. For this they were brought before a magistrate, and severally fined \$6 and expenses.

THE able speeches on the High Salary question in Congress were made by Messrs. Stephens and Garfield. The former thought men became public servants for emolument and distinction; the latter believed that intellectual men are not well paid, and do not need to be. Mr. Garfield had the best of the argument, when he touched morality. Mr. Stephens had the best of it when he touched fact.

At a meeting of workmen in New York, last week, it was decided that not only must the city give work to the unemployed, but that rich men must turn over their money above three hundred thousand dollars to the poor public. The objections to this scheme are that it is not the province of a government to supply work; that, if it did, all Africa and China could come to that government.

for employment; that, if men must cease to make money when they gain three hundred thousand dollars, there would be a good many idle people who would not add their industry to the country. Still the situation is threatening. Already the Californians are turning Chinese immigrants back from the Pacific Coast as a preventive of labor complications.

MR. GREG, a recent social philosopher of England, speaking of the fact that in America and England the number of women is less than that of men, argues that so many women in good society are unmarried because they do not wish to marry men who have led licentious bachelor lives. It is also alleged that the voluntarily unmarried women are the best in personal goodness and intellectual culture and taste.

SECRETARY ROBESON and his supporters in Congress ought to have learned a very good lesson. Our navy is deplorably weak. Our ships have been out of order. Our monitors are unseaworthy. We should have a small, strong line of ships always ready for an emergency; and we hope the "Jolly Tar" at the head of our Naval Department will use his four millions, recently voted, to a good purpose. Afterwards, we may do the experimenting.

MILLS throughout the country are resuming work generally on full time, but at a reduced rate of wages. The reduction of wages was inevitable; not because it was desirable; but because there are so many people to do the necessary labor. It is a matter of congratulation that there is some work for men, until the troubles are settled. There is yet to be a severe adjustment of values; there are yet some bubbles to burst; there are some speculators who have not been specially noticed during the general panic, but who will appear prostrated when the light of quiet times is thrown upon them.

THE New York *Evening Post* is responsible for the statement that a prominent Democratic Senator explains the meaning of the recent Democratic Congressional caucus to be the definite reorganization of its party. The statement is quite thin. We cannot understand why the fight over Wood and Cox, who come from the same State, should have occurred, when the mere selection of an Eastern man for the Democratic nomination for Speaker was intended. This is the hundredth time the Democratic Party has been about to reorganize. When it does, probably the *Post* will cease to spell "Democratic" with a small d.

THE romance of the East-end runs on tales of high life, that of the West-end on tales of low life. It is the same everywhere. Scott, the advocate and man of letters, wanted to be thought a laird. Rogers, the banker, affected only to be a virtuoso, and to reign in the centre of a literary coterie. Cicero would be a Caesar, and Caesar a Cicero. Frederick the Great wanted to polish French couplets, and Voltaire to search the secrets of cabinets. Illustrations abound of the same law that men's ideals are always out of the current of their real life; our castles in the air are very unlike the real dwellings in which our life is spent.

"WHERE are the leaders of the mass of the people who to a man are in favor of an economical and pure administration?" asks the New York *Sun*; and its own answer is, "They are yet to spring up." It is a truth that Hampden, Cromwell, Napoleon, Washington and Jackson, all leaders of the people, sprang up in a moment full-fledged for the occasion that demanded them. Wendell Phillips, as a great orator, flashed upon Boston in a day; and it is possible that some one of the younger Congressmen, Phelps, or the new Southern Granger who has entered the House with his pantaloons in his boots may suddenly electrify the country with his ideas of government.

WHAT advantage a man can take of foreign laws has just been proved with rather exceptional force, and to the scandal of all Anglo-India, by a Mr. G. Melville, of the Indian Civil Service, who has turned Mohammedan, and married a native girl only fourteen years of age. The Government, it seems, cannot remove him from the service on account of his change of religion, neither can he be prosecuted for bigamy. His Christian wife can, however, of course, obtain a divorce, and the Government can keep him unemployed, thus reducing him to the three hundred a year which a member of the Civil Service is said to be "good for," dead or alive. Mr. Melville is removed to Delhi, and has been suspended from service.

ONE of the effects of the financial panic will be to reduce the wages of servant-girls from sixteen and eighteen dollars a month to three-fifths those sums. So many mill girls have been thrown out of work that they will be glad to go out to domestic service; and the ice being once broken, and their pride having been subdued, some of them will remain at service for the sake of a good home rather than go back. Our system of servant-girlship has been of the worst and intolerable character, and the panic will not be an unmixed evil if domestic servants can be had from among the class of mill girls. They make the very best of domestic housekeepers in everything except cooking, and they readily learn. Besides, they have not the audacity of the class that will not go into the country in the Summer because there is no Croton water in the country, and they were always used to the Croton in Ireland.

A THIEF has been curiously detected in Paris. A lady picked up a bundle of bank-notes in the street, whereupon a girl beside her said, pointing to a man before them, "I think that's the person who dropped it." Just at that moment he appeared to discover his loss, stopped, and turned round. "You've lost some money, sir?" said the lady. "Yes, madame; in drawing out my pocket-handkerchief my porte-monnaie came with it." "Oh, but what I found was not a porte-monnaie, but a bundle of notes. This discrepancy seemed to the lady suspicious, and a policeman coming up, she stated the case to him. The man protested his innocence, and gave his address, asserting that his honesty would be proved there. On arriving at the place named they found a young man pacing a room in a great state of perturbation, who explained that his master, a

Spaniard, had been robbed of notes and a quantity of Spanish coin. The man who had dropped the porte-monnaie proved to be his fellow-servant, who doubtless had no idea that the theft would so soon be discovered. He was forthwith searched, and a quantity of the Spanish coin found in the lining of his clothes.

AFTER all is said about the cynicism and heartlessness of the *Saturday Review*, the fact remains that in its columns the best English thought finds expression. Its writers are men of culture, sagacity, and statesmanlike qualities. Hence its opinion of the late atrocities in Cuba has been anxiously looked for by those who prefer the steady current of passionless logic to the rhetorical froth and foam that so frequently characterize the breaking of American journalism upon the reefs that hedge so serious an international question as the Cuban problem has demonstrated itself to be. Happily we are somewhat out of the woods at this writing, but a consideration of what the *Review* had to say will not be a waste of time. It maintains at the start, with dignified earnestness, that "it seems probable that the conduct of the Spanish authorities will be found wholly inexcusable." This position is fortified by a careful review of the circumstances of the capture of the *Virginius*. It is further claimed that, if the *Virginius* is an American vessel, "the Spanish Government will be responsible to the United States for the blood even of the Cubans who were executed." The demands of our Government are considered just and moderate, although fear is expressed that Señor Castelar will be unable to force their recognition. In alluding to the specious plea made to General Grant to do nothing which shall interfere with the prosperity of the infant Republic in Spain, the *Review* says: "Political orthodoxy or sectarian sympathy furnishes no excuse for the breach of international obligations." The whole article treating of the subject is pervaded with the same broad spirit of right, and it must be peculiarly gratifying to Americans to know that, in a case of vital importance, the foremost English journal drops its carping voice, and joins in the humane protest against a hideous crime.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial*, which, barring a lack of romanticism, is the model of a great newspaper, has an article on County Organization. We have in a leading article this week already referred to the same subject. Mr. Halstead does not like the proposition in Ohio to limit the money levies for the county construction and repair of public buildings, highways, bridges, ditches and drains to five per cent. of the taxable property in ten years—not more than one-fifth of that amount to be assessed in any one year. His idea is that such a regulation should not affect every county in the State alike; but that there should be local restraints on local extravagance. But he wholesomely points out the evils that have attended our county and township legislation the country over. When he refers to the fact that the Legislature ignorantly passes measures concerning the affairs of counties, he indicates an evil that should be suppressed. We believe that there should be no special legislation concerning counties, merely because all such special legislation must be based upon good-nature in the legislators, or, what is of the same effect, a desire to grant to county officers the right to manage their own affairs. County officers have mismanaged local affairs. This we see is probably the belief of the *Commercial*. When it calls attention to the control of county affairs in New York as something different from the system in Ohio, it does not offer a solution of the problem. It matters very little whether the county managers are called, as in Ohio, a Board of Control, or, as in New York, a Board of Supervisors. The Board still feeds on fees. Tweed, Connolly, Watson and Garvey were all county, not particularly city thieves. What is really needed, notwithstanding the profound article of the *Commercial*, is a general restraint over counties as well as over cities. They will harbor thieves if you let them; do not let them. The law must be superior to the individual. We do not know a city or county within our range of vision that is not bonded or indebted in a manner to excite the apprehensions of its sober citizens. Our national debt is nothing to the danger of our local debts.

STATUS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

AFTER getting about 120,000 inhabitants, San Francisco suddenly stood still. Speculation ran riot from the Bay to the Sandhills. Visitors like Horace Greeley did not like its winds and fogs, but pressed its isolated omnipotence on the Pacific. Mr. Greeley said that in 1900 it will be the second city in size and importance in America. Last year 40,000 persons were added to the population of California. San Francisco, half-way out of the Union, is improving, despite the panic. The *Bulletin* thinks that the new census, which will be published at the opening of the new year, will probably show a population of about 200,000 in the city. There are also about 35,000 suburban population, whose relations with the city are about as close as those of Brooklyn and Jersey City with New York. There is also a strong drift of population now to the coast. It does not lessen the value of this element that so large a part of it goes to escape the oppression of an Eastern Winter. People who go there for such a purpose find the reason such a controlling one that a large proportion finally settle down there. We have in our minds several instances where people of wealth went there for climate alone, and finding it just what they wanted, are now settling themselves down in their own homes.

Whoever contrasts the San Francisco of eighteen months ago with the city as it appears to-day, cannot fail to be impressed with the great difference in the business outlook. Less than two years ago there were many hundreds of houses to rent. The people were not there to occupy them. Bills were plastered on dwellings in nearly every street. Real estate was dull; citizens who had been carrying large amounts could not unload except at a great sacrifice. There were signs some months ago that the tide was turning. But the "young flood" has

been slower than many predicted. It has come at last. Not only are good dwellings taken up by tenants, but there is a demand for more houses than can be supplied.

Already there are extensive projects set on foot for the coming season. Capitalists are busy with plans for one of the largest hotels in the Union, to be erected on Market Street. One of the Leland, of Eastern hotel fame, has been there for some days supervising the plans of the architect, and making such suggestions as a long experience have shown to be desirable. We hear, also, of new manufacturing enterprises which will assume definite shape with the coming season. The year is drawing to a close, with no clouds in the horizon. There is no panic—not so much as a financial ripple. Money is abundant for all the ordinary demands of business. There is no seasawing of a paper currency, and nobody is just now clamoring for that kind of currency to make better times. The record of financial storms at the East for the last three months has furnished a great many useful hints to the class of men who wanted to change suddenly the entire financial basis of business on that side of the country.

The San Francisco of ten years hence, with its more than three hundred thousand people, its immense hotels and market-houses, its well-paved streets and improved water-front, will be in striking contrast with the San Francisco of to-day.

LATEST THOUGHTS OF LEADING THINKERS.

IDEAS OF STRIKES AND LABOR.

THE October *British Quarterly Review* gives the following:

LABOR will not keep. The laborer who stands out for a day has lost the value of that day for ever.

UNIONISM, undoubtedly, gives more power to strikes, but it also, with strength, brings an increased sense of order, responsibility and caution.

IN agricultural as in other industrial disputes it is not impracticable to discover the means of getting capital and rustic labor to co-operate for their own and the nation's benefit on terms of equity and undiminished confidence.

INCREASE of wages need not be injurious to farmers. Union, migration, and emigration, are all contributing to the bettering of peasant life. Lord Derby has said that land in England is not producing by 50 per cent. what it might do.

THE plan which has of late been most referred to as the remedy for trade disputes is the appointment of one or more arbitrators, with power to examine the parties and the books of the employers. In some cases arbitration has been successful.

THE peasant and his family live mainly on bread. The cost of provisions is an essential element in determining the wages of the laborer; but the standard of comfort which the working classes are content to adopt has also a material influence.

AGRICULTURAL wages are found to vary out of proportion to the wages of other industries. In Turkey a farm-laborer earns about 1s. 6d. per day, in Prussia proper about 1d., in Belgium about 10d., while an English navvy obtains from 4s. and 6d. to 5s.

"LABOR," said Ricardo, "has its natural market price. The former is that price which is necessary to enable the laborers to subsist and perpetuate their race, and it depends on the price of food, necessities, and conveniences required for the support of the laborer and his family."

PICK-UP-WORK is payment by merit, and is the means by which the possessor of natural or acquired ability surpasses the less industrious or gifted, and by which all improvements are brought about. "To pay all equally is to place all on the same dead level, and remove any tendency to progress."

EVERY year which gives birth to new strikes and fresh heartburnings will also suggest the reflection to many employers that it is better to relinquish some part of the profits of business in establishing a co-operative scheme, than to encounter the suspicion, the strikes, the discontent, of workmen who have neither knowledge of, nor sympathy with, their employer's affairs.

A GENERAL augmentation of wages has been experienced in the last ten years. There are exceptions, and occasional falls, but upon the whole an increase has been secured. The friendly society of ironworkers stated that cases in which that union has kept wages from falling may be instanced in nearly every branch; "also cases in which a rise has been obtained; but those rises were chiefly where there had been previous reductions."

FOREIGN competition is a serious element of danger to the manufacturing interest. At Sheffield, for example, there has been an increase of foreign competition, partly owing to the low rate of wages given abroad, and partly to the restrictions imposed by the unions. So also in iron shipbuilding, foreign competition has increased, and a disastrous effect produced on that business on the Thames by the unions insisting on a rate of wages which the profits of the trade would not bear.

CONSIDERING the unsettled and uneasy relations of employers and employed, and the difficulty of obtaining binding decisions between them, it seems certain that courts of industry or conciliation, or some such designation, will ere long form a branch of the institutions of our country. The French Tribunal of Commerce furnishes some valuable hints for an institution of a popular yet permanent character. It is a branch of the public establishments of France, and its constitution is ordained in every particular by the Code de Commerce.

STATS OF LABOR.—The habitual code of sentiment which prevailed between employers and employed in the times when the former were regarded by both law and usage as the governing class is now greatly relaxed, and cannot be revived, though sentiments of equity and mutual forbearance ought now to form a substitute for it. For ourselves, we hold the opinion that we are in a state of transition, and are passing through a period of important changes in the industrial interests which cannot at present be thoroughly understood. It is impossible to doubt that trades-unions have been one, at least, of the contributory causes of a slow but appreciable rise of wages, which there is no reason to suppose has yet reached a maximum.

PERSONS having surplus copies of ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS will render great service to the inmates of the various Hospitals of New York if they will send the papers to 18 East Thirtieth Street, New York City, from whence they will be forwarded to the various institutions.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

FOUR convicts were publicly flogged at Newcastle, Del., December 16th.

TWENTY-two railroads in the United States are now in default of bonded debts.

THE Relief Society of Newark, N. J., opened its store and went to work last week.

YANKTON, Dakota, has a colony of 180 German Lutheran families from Russia.

THE New Hampshire State Temperance Convention met in annual session at Concord.

TWO very rich gold ledges have been discovered at a point about three miles from Sitka.

THE Common Council of Bridgeport, Conn., voted \$5,000 worth of work per month for its poor.

TWENTY families of Mennonites have just settled at Mountain Lake, Minn., and more are coming.

THE third annual meeting of the Illinois State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, occurred at Bloomington.

SEVERAL of the Roman Catholic dioceses were dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the 8th inst.

BRIGHAM YOUNG's cannon factory has turned out 98 pieces of artillery, and he has 17,000 stand of arms.

THE city of Baltimore, by a census just completed, has a population of 308,000. In 1870 she had 267,000.

IT is thought that at least 400,000 bushels of wheat are on the Erie Canal awaiting speedy transportation.

THE Iowa State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, assembled in annual session at Des Moines, December 8th.

A MURAL tablet to the memory of Admiral Farragut was unveiled at the Church of the Incarnation, New York.

A NATIONAL COLORED CONVENTION was organized in Washington, D. C., with ex-Governor Pinchback as President.

THE Bowery Branch of the Y. M. C. A., of New York City, is prepared to furnish 1,000 meals daily to the deserving poor.

THE amount of the Farragut prize cases, \$603,520, was ordered to be paid into the custody of the United States Treasury.

H. E. HARSFORD, cashier of Mr. King, of 32 Pine Street, New York, absconded with a large amount of his employer's money.

OVER 2,000 cars of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company have been ordered in readiness to move 750,000 bushels of wheat.

CHARLES SUMNER was complimented by the colored Legislators of South Carolina for his fidelity to the Supplementary Civil Rights Bill.

SURVEYS and soundings are progressing to locate the new English Atlantic telegraph cable at Rye Beach, N. H. It will probably land at Straw's Point.

A BARGE with 150 tons of coal was sunk in front of the gates of the dry-dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where the Spanish ironclad *Arapiles* is lying.

AN immense formation of petroleum-bearing shale has been discovered in the vicinity of the Green River, 200 miles west of Cheyenne, on the Union Pacific Railroad.

THERE are 260 pensioners in the United States who have either lost both eyes or both arms. They receive \$31.25 per month, and it is proposed to raise the amount.

NEGOTIATIONS are being made near Vineland, N. J., for a tract of land for the Norwegian colonists soon to arrive under charge of the novelist Bjornson. They will bring \$400,000 with them.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has promised to give the American line of steamers from Philadelphia the business of transporting United States bonds to Europe, instead of sending them by foreign lines.

THE public debt statement shows an increase of \$9,000,000. This is owing partly to a falling off in the revenue caused by the panic, but chiefly to the heavy expenditures made in anticipation of war with Spain.

THE Jacksonville (Ill.) water-works will be completed and in operation by the close of the present month. The total cost of the works will not exceed \$120,000, being \$30,000 less than the city voted for their construction.

FOREIGN.

THE Legislature of Ontario will assemble January 7th.

THE Shah has declared the contract of Baron Reuter void.

THE second Dutch expedition against Aceh has started.

EARL SPENCER has resigned the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland.

LONDON was visited by a fog of unusual density on the 9th.

MARSHALL JEWELL was presented to the Czar as Minister of the United States.

A HUNGARIAN loan of \$37,000,000 has been brought out by the Rothschilds.

IT was reported that the soldier-priest, the Curé of Santa Cruz, had been shot.

SIR WILLIAM GREY, late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, has been appointed Governor of Jamaica.

THE death of Mr. Baring increases the number of seats vacant in the House of Commons to six.

THE Duke of Edinburgh proposes to spend some time every year after his marriage at the capital of Russia.

BARAINE was found guilty on all charges, and sentenced to death, but will only be imprisoned for twenty years.

THE Right Rev. Monsignor Capel has consented to be Rector of the proposed new Roman Catholic University in England.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON and his wife contributed 5,000 francs to the fund for the survivors of the *Ville du Havre* disaster.

THE Nice pilgrimage starts for Jerusalem on the 25th of January. The party will be under the guidance of the Abbé Auguste Allony.

THE Prussian Government have altogether stopped the salary of Archbishop Ledochowski, on the ground of his numerous offenses against the ecclesiastical laws.

THE Royal Geographical Society, the British Association, and several Chambers of Commerce in Great Britain are uniting to favor Arctic exploration. A new expedition to the North Pole will probably start from London shortly.

THE Emperor of Austria, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne, is about to grant a comprehensive amnesty to persons convicted of offenses against the Press laws, or of political or other slight misdemeanors.

MR. GEORGE OGDEN is about to visit America, where, as Chairman of the London Trades' Council, he will obtain trustworthy information respecting the position of American trade matters, and also make the members of trades in America acquainted with the state of feeling of English workmen as to their Transatlantic fellow-workers.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 263.



ENGLAND.—A DETACHMENT OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY LEAVING WOOLWICH FOR THE GOLD COAST.



CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—PILLAGING OF TORREVIEJA BY THE CARTAGENIAN INSURGENTS.



AFRICA.—A SLAVE-TRADING VILLAGE DESTROYED BY THE BOATS OF H.M.S. "BRITON" AND "DAPHNE."



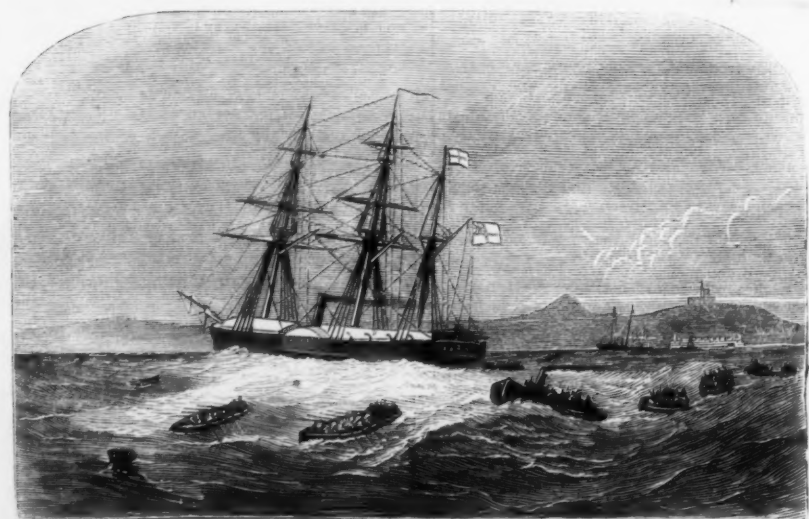
SCOTLAND.—MR. DISRAELI'S SPEECH BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.



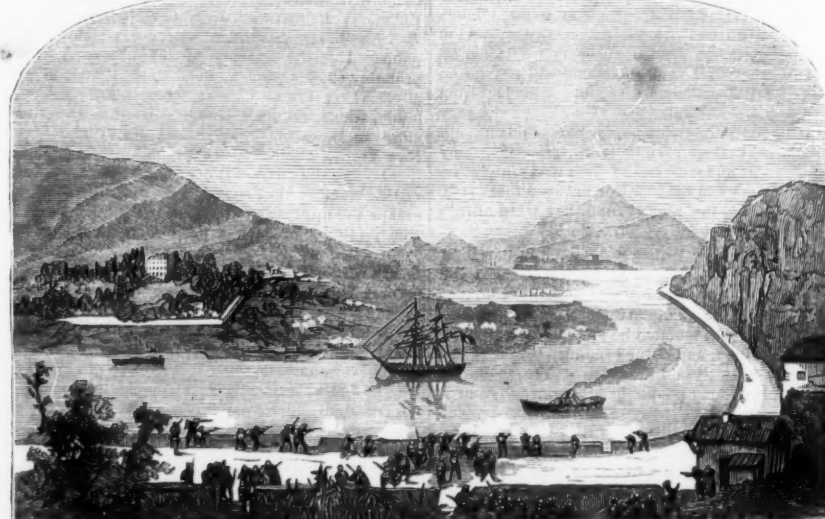
THE ASHANTEE WAR.—INTERVIEW BETWEEN ATTA, KING OF AKIM, AND THE ENGLISH COMMISSIONERS.



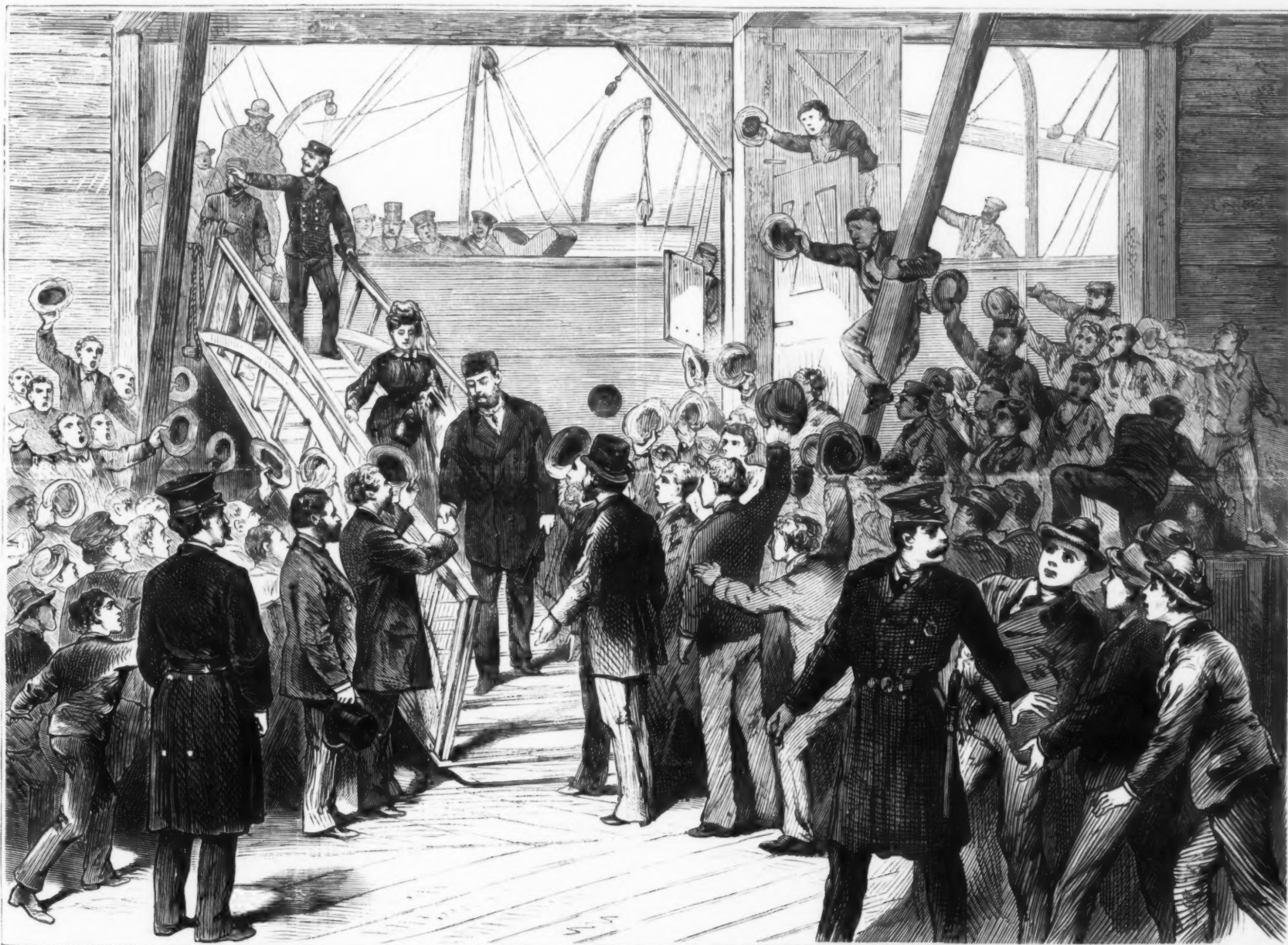
THE ASHANTEE WAR.—FANTEES PERFORMING FETICH TO KEEP AWAY THE ASHANTEES.



THE ASHANTEE WAR.—LANDING THE FORCES FOR SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S MARCH ON DUNQUAH.



CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—CARLIST TROOPS FIRING ON THE MAIL STEAMER "LUCHANA," ON THE RIVER BILBAO.



JACK HARKAWAY.—BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, ESQ., BARRISTER, LONDON, AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" STORIES—ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK TO FULFILL ENGAGEMENTS ON FRANK LESLIE'S "BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY."

"JACK HARKAWAY."

BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, Esq., Barrister of the Inner Temple, London, is the author of the celebrated "Jack Harkaway" stories. Mr. Frank Leslie has for some time been negotiating with him to make his residence in this country, in order to continue his popular series for FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY, and to write exclusively for him. Mr. Hemyng finally accepted his tempting offer, and arrived by the steamer *City of Brussels* a few days since. It having been announced in the BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY that Mr. Hemyng was expected to arrive, he received a very enthusiastic reception from his young admirers on his landing. About Mr. Hemyng we shall have more to say in a future Number. He is so well-known through his stories, that young people are anxious to hear from him.

THE LATE JUDGE PECKHAM.

IN the death of the Hon. Rufus W. Peckham, the Bar of the United States lost one of its most

honored and consistent members. Although his judicial promotions were earned in his native State, the entire country claimed the influence of his learned, dignified and equitable decisions. He was a legal cosmopolitan, and his sudden "taking off" leaves a void that will be difficult to fill again so creditably.

Judge Peckham was born in Rensselaerville, Albany County, N. Y., December 20th, 1809, and was therefore nearly sixty-four years of age at the time of his death. He applied himself to the study of the law at an early age, and when twenty-one began to practice in Albany. Several years later he was appointed District Attorney of Albany County by Governor Marcy, an

the 23d ult. Judge Peckham was tall, of a good presence, and his commanding figure and square, gray head were well known in this city as well as in Albany. He was twice married, having by his first wife a daughter and two sons, Wheeler

H. Peckham, of the law firm of Miller, Stoutenburgh & Peckham, of this city, and Rufus W. Peckham, Jr., District Attorney at Albany. His second wife was a Miss Foote, whom he married only a few years ago.

DON JOAQUIN JOVELLAR.

THE Captain-General of Cuba, Don Joaquin Jovellar, who has lately been in such a

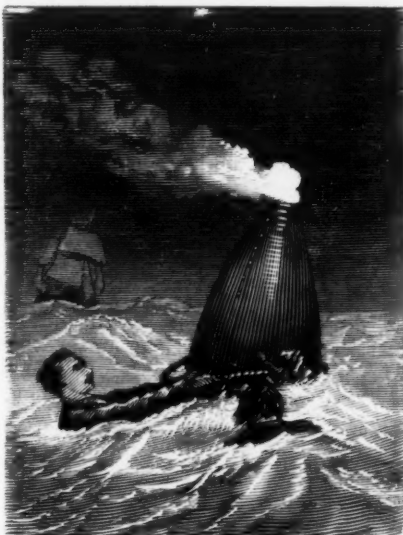
any hostile results yet follow between the two nations, we are sure that Captain-General Joaquin Jovellar will be held blameless by all cool-headed persons.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT SEA.

IN August, 1871, as the Cunard steamer *Java* was on her passage from Liverpool to New York, she ran into the Norwegian bark *Annita*, striking her amidships, and causing her to sink in a few minutes, carrying down eleven of her crew and passengers.

Mr. Frank Leslie was one of the *Java's* passengers at the time of the disaster. On the 27th a meeting of the passengers was held at which he gave expression to his convictions in the following resolutions:

1. All sea-going passenger-ships should be provided with appliances for lowering boats more safely, speedily and easily than by those with which they are usually provided.
2. Buoys, with port-fires, ready for immediate



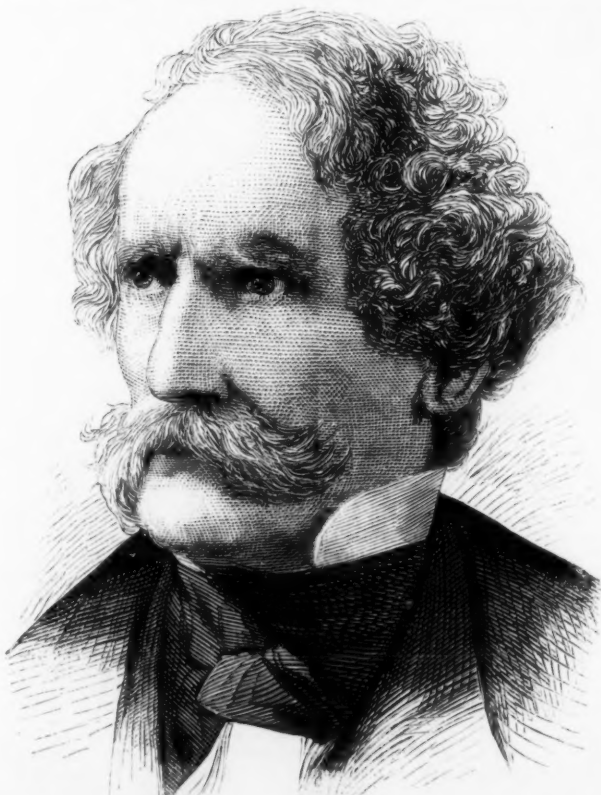
LIFE-BUOY, WITH PORT-FIRE, FOR THE RESCUE OF PERSONS AT SEA.—DESIGNED BY FRANK LESLIE. SEE PAGE 262.

office he held for many years, to the entire satisfaction of all who watched his career.

In 1832 he accepted the Democratic nomination for Congress, and was elected. After serving one term he retired to the practice of his profession, forming a partnership with Judge Tremaine. In 1859 he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court, and served until June, 1870, being re-elected at the election of 1867. On the adoption of the amended judiciary article he was elected Judge of the new Court of Appeals in June, 1870.

His health had been unusually good up to last Fall, when, by the advice of his physician, he determined to make a European tour. Accordingly, with his wife, he took passage in the ill-fated *Ville du Havre*, and with her was lost on

peculiar position between the Home Government of Spain and the Casino Español, is a handsome, aristocratic man in the prime of life, and has served with distinction in the Spanish army, in which he holds the rank of General. Jovellar has acted throughout the late difficulty with honor and prudence, but was so disgusted at his very equivocal position between the Home Government and the rabid Volunteers, that he resigned his commission as Captain-General, and was only induced to rescind his determination by the refusal of President Castelar to accept his resignation. He has, at great risk to himself, thoroughly carried out the provisions of the treaty, and has acted alike faithfully to Spain and amicably to the United States. Should



HON. RUFUS W. PECKHAM, A JUDGE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, LOST ON THE "VILLE DU HAVRE."



JOAQUIN JOVELLAR, CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF CUBA.

gnition, which are in use in the naval service, ought to be kept always ready to be thrown overboard, to mark the place of an accident.

3. In foggy weather, and at night, the line-light which has already been successfully used, or other lights of equal brilliancy, ought to be burned at the masthead in place of the oil-lamp in present use."

The subject of the security of life at sea in all its immensity of scope immediately became a matter of thorough investigation. By means of the clearest illustrations and most carefully prepared letter-press, every attempt to solve this great question has been noted in this *NEWSPAPER*. In the series were engravings of the Moody relief-ship, proposed to be anchored in mid-ocean, and connected by telegraph with the main land; the electric light with which experiments were made on the French steamship *St. Laurent*, at New York; the Life-saving Service of the United States, and the Storm Survey.

After a serious consideration of all remedies proposed, Mr. Leslie's faith in the adaptability of the electric light to this humane service was established. The *Ville du Harve* disaster offered the occasion for a more particular examination of this powerful agent, especially as Mr. Mackenzie, the representative of the French line in New York, gave as a reason for the abolition of the electric light on the steamships its great cost.

Accordingly Mr. Leslie addressed the following letter to the *New York Herald*:

"New York, December 4th, 1873.

"To the Editor of the *Herald*:"

"I have read in your journal an interview with Mr. Mackenzie concerning the electric light as a safeguard against accident in a fog at sea. In August, 1871, I had the misfortune to be a passenger on the steamer *Java*, returning to New York. At eleven o'clock of a dark night (the date I do not remember,) and when in mid-ocean, the *Java* struck a Norwegian bark amidships as she was sailing across our bow. The shock was terrific, and when we rushed upon deck, it was discovered that we had cut the bark in halves. After ten minutes not a vestige was seen of the bark, and out of twelve men on board of her only one was saved.

"The day after the accident the passengers held a meeting, and I offered three resolutions, which were passed. They were substantially: First, that an electric light ought to be carried at the mast-head of every steamer; second, that a buoy with a port-fire at the top, ought to be hung at the stern of every vessel, so that it might be fired and dropped into the ocean the moment any accident occurred, for the purpose of marking the spot; and third, that a more efficacious manner of lowering boats should be employed, as it was several minutes, on the occasion I have mentioned, before a boat could be got into the water. These resolutions were published by the Press about that time. Since then I have thought over the subject in its scientific as well as its humanitarian aspects, and I am convinced that there is no excuse for not using electric lights on steamers.

"I have in my establishment an electric light, which I believe to be the only one of its kind in America. On one dark, slightly foggy night last Summer, when it was operated on the roof of my building, people in Chatham Square—a third of a mile away—could read the newspapers as easily as by daylight; and the shipping in the harbor, at least two miles distant, could be seen as distinctly as if they were lying under a noonday sun. Think of the advantage of such a light at sea! There is no excuse for not using it on every trans-atlantic steamer; no more excuse than there is for every lifeboat to be stored with cabbages, and covered with sewed and strapped tarpaulin to keep the cabbages dry. Instead of costing \$100 a day, as stated by Mr. Mackenzie, my experience for the last six months is to the effect that such a light would cost scarcely a quarter of that sum. It requires seven-horse-steam-power in the operation, and, of course, could be easily attached to the engine of a vessel. I purpose that the public shall judge for itself of the efficacy of this electric light. With that idea, I shall have wires attached to the electric machine in my building, and will run them to the top of the Central National Bank, on the corner of Broadway and Pearl Street, a block from my office; and there, at six o'clock to-morrow (Saturday) evening, December 6th, the light will be shown, being thrown up and down Broadway. You can judge of its worth by its effect on your *Herald* building. Yours, very truly,"

"FRANK LESLIE."

On the evening in question a large number of representatives of the Press assembled at his office, and were conducted to his electrolytic foundry, to inspect the machine. This is the Wilde patent, with the last improvements. The inventor conceived the idea of causing the current induced in a coil of wire by a permanent magnet to produce a more powerful electro-magnet, which, in turn, was to induce a new and greatly increased current. The current thus generated could be passed around a third magnet, and so on, indefinitely.

When the three armatures of these magnets were driven with a velocity of 1,500 revolutions a minute, it melted a cylindrical iron rod 15 inches long and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter, which was placed between its poles. With gas carbon points half an inch square, the light generated was equal to 4,000 wax candles.

In the improved form the inventor employs two wheels of 16 electro-magnets each, between which are situated two series, each of 16 soft iron armatures, secured to a heavy cast-iron disk. The ends of the cores are terminated with iron plates of circular form, which retain the helices in place and somewhat overlap the distance between the poles of the electro-magnets. By having the magnetic circuits of the electro-magnets and armatures closed for a short distance, and by likewise having the electric circuits closed for a brief interval at the point of no current, the magnetic intensity of the electro-magnet is maintained during the rise and fall of the magneto-electric waves transmitted through the helices. These helices are divided into groups of 4 each; one of these groups produces the minor current for the circle of electro-magnets, and the rest are joined together for a quantity of 7 and an intensity of 4, to produce the major current of the machine.

Where steam-power is available, as aboard-ship, the expense of running the instrument is slight, the waste being in any event not more than two or three horse-power, an amount scarce worth reckoning on an ocean steamer. The expense then is limited to first cost, wear and tear, and the pay of an overseer. The light, provided with a suitable reflector, is visible in its direct path for sixty miles, and in the nearly hemisphere which it illumines for quite far enough not only to announce the presence of the vessel carrying it, but to light up any approaching craft within a large semi-circumference. The reflector used in the experiment was a small one, but a newspaper could be read by the light three blocks off, and the illuminated City Hall clock became dull as the beam was thrown upon it.

The subjoined communications have been received by us in reference to the subject:

To the Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

SIR—The electric light displayed from your establishment was plainly visible from Jersey City Heights. I could almost read a newspaper by it. D. R. G.

HOBOKEN, N. J., December 5th.

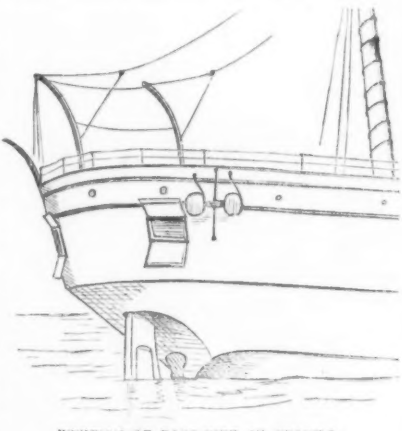
FRANK LESLIE, DEAR SIR—I write to inform you that, on the night of Saturday, December 6th, I was enabled to notice very plainly the effect of your Fog Signal Light. Having seen your letters to the Press, I was prepared to look for it. It seemed like a broad luminous band athwart the sky, and brought into partial prominence elevated objects seen at this distance. Yours, truly, R. T. MACKENZIE.

PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, Dec. 8th, 1873.

FRANK LESLIE, ESQ., SIR—On Saturday evening, December 6th, I was struck with a singular light in the heavens, that seemed to radiate from the city of New York. Upon inquiry I ascertained that it was your electric light being operated from the top of the Central National building. Being interested in such matters myself, allow me to state that I consider the result extremely gratifying. A light of so powerful a nature could be seen a tremendous distance at sea. I am, sir, yours, truly, W. L. MORTIMER.

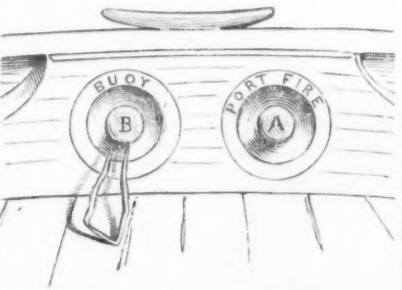
ON Saturday night, December 6th, while in the cars on the Jersey Meadows, at least four miles from the Central National bank building in Broadway, I saw the fitting light of Frank Leslie's electric machine against the sky. One or two persons near me thought it an aurora borealis. G.

The adaptation of the electric light to purposes of illumination is a matter of comparatively recent date. It was first used in lighthouse service at South Foreland, England, in 1858, where Holmes's machine was employed. It was not, however, until 1862 that the electric light was permanently established, the location being Dungeness. Its intensity has been computed by competent scientists at but two and a half times less than the sun.



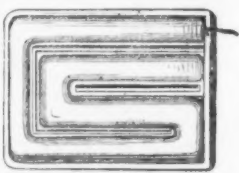
POSITION OF PORT-FIRE ON VESSELS.

The port-fires used in the United States Navy consist of pan, support, buoy and shot ballast. They are attached to the stern of vessels, one on each side, and are controlled from the deck as shown in the diagram.



APPARATUS FOR IGNITING AND DETACHING PORT-FIRE.

When required for use, the knob A is drawn, by which the composition in the pan is ignited, and immediately after B is pulled, when the buoy is detached and falls into the sea. In the old buoys the foot-block rested on a pair of air-tight copper vessels, the apparatus being maintained in a position as nearly upright as the action of the waves would permit by the ballast beneath. The new buoy differs principally in the style of the air-chambers. Two persons may cling securely to the foot-block without crowding, while three may be saved from drowning. Besides lighting the sea, that those on shipboard may discern the locality of the man overboard, these buoys also indicate a place of safety to the person in the water.



PORT-FIRE PAN.

The electric light is not used in the navy. During the bombardment of Charleston, S. C., an attempt was made to utilize it on board the ironclad *New Ironsides*, for the purpose of lighting up the harbor and showing the movements of blockade-runners. Its intensity, however, disclosed the exact location of the ship, and the rebel batteries immediately opened fire on her, with such effect that the light was at once abandoned.

In connection with our illustrations of the electric light, we give a representation of the signal code adopted by the United States Life-saving Service. In seeking an explanation of the flags, rockets and lights by the Key, observe that lines running perpendicularly are red; those running from right to left, green; those from left to right, blue; the others are white.

No. 1. Preparatory.—Whenever it becomes necessary for a station to make signal to adjacent stations, the preparatory signal will be used, and will be continued until acknowledged by the stations signalled.

No. 2. Answering Signal.—All signals will be answered by this signal, to notify the signaling station that its signal is seen and understood. If any signal should not be understood, however, the signaling station may be notified in day-time by dipping the flag the whole length of the staff, or at night by two white rockets or two white Coston lights.

No. 3. Danger.—To be made by the station first discovering a wreck, or when any vessel is observed to be in danger. It will also serve to notify persons in danger that aid is near at hand.

No. 4. Aid required.—Bring your men.—Immediately after answering this signal with No. 2 the keepers and crews of the adjacent stations will proceed to the aid of the station making signal, and likewise in answer to the four following signals with the articles required:

No. 5. Bring your boat and equipments.

No. 6. Bring your life-car and lines.

No. 7. Bring rocket apparatus.

No. 8. Bring mortar and apparatus.

No. 9. Assemble.—When this signal is displayed at a station, all persons belonging thereto will at once assemble at the house.

FLAG SIGNALS FOR DAY	SIGNAL ROCKETS FOR NIGHT	SIGNAL LIGHTS
1. [Flag]	[Rocket]	[Light]
2. [Flag]	[Rocket]	[Light]
3. [Flag]	[Rocket]	[Light]
4. [Flag]	[Rocket]	[Light]
5. [Flag]	[Rocket]	[Light]
6. [Flag]	[Rocket]	[Light]
7. [Flag]	[Rocket]	[Light]
8. [Flag]	[Rocket]	[Light]
9. [Flag]	[Rocket]	[Light]

SIGNAL CODE ADOPTED BY THE UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

The following instructions are given to keepers: In making night signals with double rockets they will not be sent up together, but separately at short intervals, and in the order indicated in the diagram. Thus, in No. 5, a red star rocket will be sent up and followed by a green star rocket, and so on. If a signaling station desires to communicate with one only of its adjacent stations, the preparatory signal-flag may be hoisted in day-time as a distinguishing pennant under either Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 or 8, as the case may be, to indicate that the station to the northward or eastward is specially signalled; and at night by an ordinary exploding rocket immediately following the above numbers, shown by Coston's signals. South and West stations will be indicated in day-time by the preparatory flag above either Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 or 8, as the case may be, and at night by an ordinary exploding rocket immediately preceding the Coston signals for the above numbers. Lifeboats, before going off to a wreck at night, will be provided with a white Coston light, which may be burned, if considered necessary, either to afford light to facilitate the escape of the crew from the wreck, or to give notice to persons on shore of the boat alongside the wreck.

Patrolmen will carry a red hand-light, as directed in Regulation 58, to be used upon the discovery of a wrecked vessel; and in order to better insure the light being seen, they will, when practicable, burn it upon the nearest prominent eminence. Keepers will make themselves and their crews familiar with the foregoing by frequent practice with the day signals. The night signals will never be practiced with rockets and Coston lights, nor will they be expended unless in actual service, when specially authorized by the inspector. Red, white and green lanterns will be substituted for practice, and also for service when the stations are sufficiently near each other to enable the colors to be readily distinguished. The lanterns to be suspended on the flagstaff, in the same order as prescribed for the Coston lights. Thus, No. 5 may be shown by a red lantern over a green lantern, etc.

The flags must be carefully handled, and preserved from dirt and dampness. The boxes containing the rockets and Coston signals will be kept in a safe place, where they will be as free from dampness as possible, and where they will be least liable to concussion by sudden contact with any heavy object. The keepers will be held to a strict accountability for the proper expenditure of rockets and Coston lights.

As one method of rendering the saving of life more possible, Mr. Leslie suggests an apparatus such as appears in the small cut on page 261. The buoy should be made of iron, seven feet in length, and of a proportionate diameter, with a heavy weight attached to the end to be submerged to keep in an upright position. Life-ropes should be affixed to the exposed portion, while at the top is a cup filled with chemical ingredients that will ignite on being impregnated with salt water. A number of such buoys should be kept in a convenient place on every passenger vessel, and ready at all times to be thrown overboard on the occurrence of accidents.

PRESIDENT LERDO, of Mexico, is going to present to Kaiser Wilhelm 200 photographic copies of objects in the National Museum of Mexico, which will cost \$20,000.

THE JOINER.

"WHY planet thou with weary moan,
Pale youth, by midnight and alone?
Why is thy cheek so thin and ghast?
Why do thy still tears fall so fast?"

"The work I do must all be done
Ere the red rising of the sun;
Wherefore at dead of night I plane,
So thin and ghast, with mickle pain!"

"Why must thou work while others sleep?
While others smile, why must thou weep?
Though here thou moanest, pining slow,
Of old thou wert a gay fellow."

"My hope, my joy, have wholly died—
My girl became another's bride;
God also held her very dear,
For, see! I make her coffin here."

MAJOR GRANTBY.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT IN HIS LIFE.

I AM an Englishman. I have spent the best years of my life in India—making the small fortune which allows me now to keep clear of the money-making world, and as a quiet, country gentleman, to take the leisure—with enough of responsibility to keep me from ennui—which men of my age feel that they need.

I once spent a year in America, and made many friends. Those whom I now remember with most satisfaction were elderly gentlemen, of small fortune, obliged to attend somewhat to business, and who, living in the country, still kept pace with the literary and scientific world, without gaining that brusque, oratorical manner, the characteristic of men who talk more than they think.

I was once dining with such an one. His amiable wife and lovely young daughter made the dinner a feast by their charming conversation. At each end of the room were hung very masterly portraits in oil, which attracted my attention. At one end of the room hung the portrait of a lady in the bloom of youth and beauty. The picture hung alone. At the other end were two portraits. One, of a handsome man in the prime of life; the other, that of a very lovely white-haired old lady. It seemed strange that the more youthful lady should not be placed by his side. The old lady placed alone would have seemed to me more natural. However, the position of the pictures was evidently intentional.

My friend and host, noticing the interest I took in the portraits, said, as he pointed to the two: "These are the portraits of my wife's father and mother, taken at about the same time, nearly a year before their death;" and he paused, as if for an expression of my interest.

I could but say: "They are fine pictures, but seem to show great disparity in their ages."

"Tell Mr. Featherstone the story of my father's life," said my hostess.

Her husband began: "The story takes us back to the time, nearly forty years ago, when Major Grantby, the original of that portrait and my wife's father, was about forty years old, as fine a looking man as he is there portrayed. He had resigned his position in the army, and was professor of Sanscrit and Ancient Egyptian Literature in Columbia College. He was very fond of everything relating to the Egyptians, and although he never visited that country himself, he was intimate with men who had. He possessed a valuable collection of Egyptian curiosities, and, much to the horror of his wife and daughter, he went so far as to keep a mummy in a case in his study.

About that time a band of Egyptian sorcerers made their appearance in New York. There was something wonderfully respectable and attractive about them. They hired spacious rooms, and had them refitted after the style of ancient Egyptian architecture; and these rooms were made gorgeous and imposing by everything imaginable in the shape of curiosity, including mummies of men, birds, beasts and reptiles. Curtains of brilliant hues and marvelous workmanship draped the windows and doorways. Heavy sarcophagi and models of pyramids, sphinxes and palaces crowded the large vestibule through which the visitors entered.

Major Grantby was among the first to visit them; and he was quite carried away with their knowledge, and some strange powers which they undoubtedly possessed. There was but one woman in the company. I remember seeing her. She was a magnificent creature, of large stature, with a regular beauty of feature which I never saw in any one else. It was as if a marble statue had come to life, so little color had she, and so little voluntary movement. Her companions treated her with the greatest respect, always addressing her by some high title.

Major Grantby saw a great deal of these people. He even tried to get them to visit at his house. But they declined all such attentions. They had regular days for the exhibition of their powers. I have seen them perform wonders which you would hardly believe. It was before the day of annual magnetism, but they would put a man so soundly to sleep that nothing but their own power could wake him. Electro-biology was then unknown; but they could control, by their sorceries, the motions of every person in the room. Spiritual mediums had not rapped themselves into notice; but they delivered messages to us of the most oracular nature, through the dead lips of a brown, mummified princess. I have heard the sepulchral bark of mummied dogs, and the queer, unnatural note of the idolized ibis. It was most remarkable.

Well, to make a long story short, Major Grantby disappeared, and everybody was astonished. Not the least clue could be obtained as to his whereabouts. He was an honorable and much respected Christian gentleman, and every one felt assured that he had been made the victim of foul play.

Twenty years after, he reappeared, wearing the same clothing, and not a day older. He could give no account of his absence. He went to his own house, where, fortunately, his wife and only remaining daughter still lived. He met strange servants in the hall, and was perplexed by the different aspect of the place. Still more was he surprised to find a feeble-minded, white-haired invalid instead of the vigorous, handsome wife he had seen, as he supposed, only a few hours before. And the blooming daughter of eighteen was transformed into a care-worn lady of thirty-eight, worn and weary with the cares which had fallen upon her in that dreary time—the alarm and anxiety for her father, the watching and care of brothers and sisters who had sickened and died, and then the care of the sad and bereaved wife and mother. I speak feelingly, for these things kept me a poor, forlorn old bachelor, depriving me of many years of happy married life.

But he came back. A more bewildered man never existed since the days of Rip Van Winkle. A man coming out of prison after a twenty years' confinement might feel something of what the major felt. Only, the man out of prison would have an

idea of what had been going on in the world, while the major had none. All that he could tell of himself was this: He found himself in a burning building, the fire and smoke blinding him, and causing great agony. He was grasped by a fireman, and placed unhurt upon the pavement outside, whence he soon made his way to his home, not far off. His return made as much noise as his departure had done. On investigation, the fireman was found who had saved him from the fire. The burned building was a museum—Barnum's, I suppose—and the room from which he had been carried was one devoted to mummies and relics of the dead of different ages and countries. On interrogating the proprietor, the history of each body, supposed once to have been living, was obtained; but no light was thrown upon the dark mystery. At last he remembered the figure of one of the Pharaohs, supposed to have been wax, in a marble sarcophagus, said to have been brought from one of the pyramids of Egypt. I was by when that was first mentioned to Major Grantham; and then I saw the sign of a lifting of the cloud of bewilderment from the major's brow.

"Where did you get it?" he asked. The man said it had been purchased five years before, as the one valuable object, at the sale of the Natural History collection belonging to a poor little starved Southern college. Without saying much about it, the major found out the president of that college and learned from him that the sarcophagus had been given to the college by one of the alumni, whom he named, eight or ten years before. That man was found. He said he had seen it for several years as one of the extra shows attendant upon a circus. The owner had many valuable Egyptian relics, which he had wished to dispose of, in order to retire to private life. The young man had purchased this for the college, and other things for himself. If more information were needed, he could procure it, for the former owner of the sarcophagus lived very near him.

The major was so interested, he went himself to see the man and hear his story. The man proved himself to have been a colored servant, employed by the Egyptian sorcerers for many years. When he saw the major he recognized a resemblance to the supposed wax figure, and when the major allowed his face to be stained, and himself to be wrapped in Egyptian burial-clothes, all who had ever seen the Pharaoh could almost believe that they saw him again.

The servant informed Major Grantham that he was with the Egyptians when they left New York, and had traveled with them throughout the United States and parts of South America. He said that the Egyptian lady was treated ever with great adoration by her companions.

This sarcophagus was a part of her own personal property, which always accompanied her, and was placed in her own room. The man believed her to have been the wife of the dead man, and that it was by her sorceries that she had remained alive and young, while he had been dead thousands of years.

When in her room, the heavy crystal cover was removed from the sarcophagus, flowers were placed about it, perfumes burned by the head, and shawls of the most exquisite color and workmanship draped over the body; and the lovely sorceress spent hours on her knees beside it, kissing the cold, brown face and hands, and weeping over it till the hair of the dead Pharaoh was drenched with her tears.

Have I told you that the major, at the time of his disappearance, was as handsome and fascinating a man as one could wish to see? But I must go on systematically with my story, and tell you how the servant became possessor of the property of the Egyptians. They were all coming back to the Southern States from South America, when they were overtaken by a storm, and the vessel was wrecked on the coast. The most curious part of the story is, that, though many passengers were lost, all the bodies were washed ashore excepting those of the Egyptians. And the colored man firmly believed that they had power to convey themselves to a place of safety, and were all still alive.

But there he was, among the few saved, the sole representative of the company. He was able to save much of the property, the sarcophagus among the rest. As far as he could, he followed the occupation of the former owners for a few months, and then he joined the circus company as an outside show.

When the major heard all these things, he was obliged to tell us what he could remember, to connect the stories and to prove that he had played Pharaoh for twenty years.

He said, what we know, that he found the Egyptians so learned and agreeable, he became very intimate with them. They treated him with the most flattering attention. But at last he perceived that the Egyptian lady was evidently deeply in love with him. Her calm face flushed at his coming; her breathing grew quick and irregular when he sat beside her; and her wonderful eyes seemed to draw him towards her with an irresistible influence. He immediately ceased his visits. But one unlucky day he went to them for information upon a subject on which he was to lecture before his class. He only found the sorceress at home. She received him in a small studio, filled with the relics of ancient Egypt. She was calm and stern, as at their first meeting. One subject under discussion was the comparative size of different races, at different ages. An empty sarcophagus stood in the middle of the room, and he was tempted to compare his size, fully six feet, with that of a Pharaoh, by placing himself in his coffin. Unfortunate victim to science. He no sooner had thus placed himself, than he became benumbed and helpless, through some power dropping from the fingers and shooting from the eyes of the Egyptian woman. He remembered no more.

He believed that he had been magnetized, and only released from the thrall of the fire at Barnum's.

But now look at his surroundings! Suspicious friends outside of his house. Inside, a doting, feeble old lady for a wife. A daughter looking and feeling older than himself. And he—a strong, energetic, able-minded man. He tried to get back his professorship, but of course he could not. He had a fortune sufficient for his wants; but he could not be satisfied without work.

At last he accepted a clerkship in an insurance office. He found there work which was not too arduous, and pleasant companionship.

He lived very quietly, his wife being feeble in health. It was a curious sight to see them together. She had been very much of an invalid. But she took a new lease of life when her husband came back to her.

The most sincere affection existed between them. She was lively in conversation, and loving and yielding in disposition. He was always gravely polite and deferential—appearing pleased with her gayety, but never what you could call gay himself—Their intercourse, as noticed by their friends, was not like that between mother and son, though a stranger would have thought that to be the relationship. It was a new revelation of affection, and charmed all those who were allowed to come within its influence.

I must not omit to mention the circumstance of my marriage, which took place six or eight months after the major's return. It was merely adding one to the family circle; for my wife and I took charge of the establishment, and we all lived together. It was a most happy arrangement.

We were together for five years, when one morning the feeble cries of my mother-in-law brought us to her bedside. We found her weeping and fainting over the dead body of her beloved husband. How grand he looked!

He died of disease of the heart, which the physician said was caused undoubtedly by the wonderful cessation of life, which must have destroyed its power.

Our dear mother begged that the body might not be removed from her side. She was so feeble, and so earnest in her request, that I would not allow it to be denied. And for twelve hours they lay side by side, and then her spirit quietly departed, and she lay cold and white and lovely beside her dark-haired husband. They were buried in Greenwood Cemetery in one wide grave. And one wide stone marks the spot. A sculptured cross over her name, and a marble crown over that of the man who bore his singular trials with such a noble dignity.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

ENGLAND.—A DETACHMENT OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY LEAVING FOR THE GOLD COAST.

There is no halt in the preparations in England for the prosecution of the war against the king of the Ashantes, whose country lies along the Gold Coast, Africa. Soldiers are being sent to the seat of war as rapidly as possible. In our illustration we have a pictorial idea of the scene presented when a detachment of the Royal Artillery marched from the great barracks at Woolwich to the point of embarkation. The streets were thronged with the populace, who loudly cheered the departing warriors. The sketch, although it is a stirring one, is not without its touch of sadness. The mothers, wives and sweethearts of the men walked beside them, and their last recollections of their native land were sweetly blended with the thoughts of those loved ones they left behind. It is not probable, however, that the war will amount to much, and it is safe to predict that a vast majority of the soldiers will arrive home safely.

CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—CARLIST TROOPS FIRING UPON THE STEAMER "LUCHANA," ON THE RIVER BILBAO.

The River Bilbao, in the north of Spain, has been the theatre of almost daily engagements between the Carlists and Republicans, brought about just at the time when the little postal steamer *Luchana* essays to pass up the river. In our picture the house to the left is the headquarters of the Carlist Brigadier-General Don Castor Anduecha. During the firing that is depicted there were two men killed and three wounded on board the *Luchana*. The Spanish Republican troops are entrenched on the opposite side of the Bilbao, and return the fire of the Carlists. There is an unfortunate French ship of commerce, which is disabled, that lies right between the two fires. More by good luck, however, than anything else, she has sustained no injury.

AFRICA.—DEMOLITION OF A SLAVE-TRADING VILLAGE BY THE BOATS OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS "BRITON" AND "DAPHNE."

When the treaty between England and the Sultan of Zanzibar was brought about by the negotiations of Sir Bartle Frere, H.M.S. *Briton* and *Daphne* were dispatched to the east coast of Africa for the purpose of suppressing the slave trade. On the 15th of last September, Lieutenant Marcus McCausland, of the *Daphne*, was cruelly murdered by the people of Kiunga, a native village employed in the slave trade, situated about forty miles south of Lamoo. It was resolved to burn the offending village, which was done on the 22d, by armed boats from the two ships. We give a sketch of the scene presented when the village was in flames, and the sailors who had landed were exchanging shots with the enemy, who were in the bush. This slave trade has, happily, been nearly wiped out by the energetic action of England; but it is to be deplored that so painful an incident as the murder and its retribution should have occurred.

SCOTLAND.—MR. DISRAELI'S SPEECH BEFORE STUDENTS OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Disraeli, the present Lord Rector of Glasgow University, has delivered an address to the students of that institution. The ceremony took place in a beautiful conservatory, situated near the University, in the suburb of Hillhead. At eleven o'clock the doors were opened, and shortly after the 2,000 students marched boisterously to their places. They were all arrayed in scarlet gowns. Just after twelve Mr. Disraeli made his appearance, and began his address. He stood at a high desk, which was draped with pink. At the end of his remarks the students demanded and obtained a holiday. We give a view of the speaker and the adjacent listeners.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.—GREAT CHIN-CHIN AT ACCRA, BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND ATTA, KING OF AKIM.

We give an illustration of an important palaver which took place lately at Accra, seventy miles from Cape Coast Castle, Africa, between the Commissioners of Queen Victoria, and Atta, King of Akim. Just a fortnight before, the King of Ashantee sent a message of love to Atta, and asked his alliance. Atta, however, was not disposed to aid King Koffee. He killed two of the Ashantee heralds, sent one back to Coomassie, and took the other to Accra, where he arrived with a gun flint in his mouth—the token of war. In the interview which we illustrate the Queen's letter has just been read, and the King and the chiefs have taken fetic, that is, sworn the big oath to stand by England in the fight. After taking the big oath, Atta became so excited that he ran and jumped upon the table, for the purpose of shaking hands with the English officers. One of the officer's pet dogs—a black-and-tan Gordon setter—became equally excited, and made a dash for the royal legs, which rather disconcerted his sable majesty.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.—FANTEES PERFORMING FETICH TO KEEP AWAY ASHANTEES.

The Fantees, one of the tribes along the Gold Coast of Africa, were the involuntary cause of the present Ashantee difficulty. Being oppressed by the Ashantes, they appealed to the English for protection, which was accorded them, as they are the subjects of Great Britain. Hostilities began immediately. In one of our pictures of the difficulty we give a representation of Fantees performing fetich, for the purpose of preventing the Ashantes invading their villages. The ceremony was performed on the sea-beach, where the sacred fires were lighted. Starting from the fetich-house, a band of women with torches in their hands followed the priestess, who was disguised with a bullock's head and a robe of grass. The women danced wildly about, and threw stones and shells out to the sea. Fetich comes from the Portuguese *feticão*, and means magic.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.—LANDING THE FORCES FOR SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S RECENT MARCH ON DUNQUAH.

On the 20th of October last, H. M. S. *Simoon* landed a force of marines and blue-jackets, preparatory to the march on Dunquah. There were 150 marines, commanded by Captain Allnut, and 100 sailors, commanded by Captain Freemantle. A strong body of naval officers accompanied the expedition. When all were disembarked the line of march was taken up for Dunquah, at which place Lieutenant Gordon was engaged in making a road. Although surrounded by the enemy, he had maintained his position, and done much to gain the confidence of the neutral tribes.

THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—THE PILLAGING OF TORREVIEJA BY THE INSURGENTS OF CARTAGENA.

One of the modes by which the insurgent Cartagenians maintain their hold is the levying of war-taxes upon the neighboring country. We illustrate the manner in which they pillaged Torrevieja. Torrevieja is a little seaport town situated near Cape Cervara, forty miles northeast from Cartagena. Her neighborhood to the insurgent town produced her the honor of being called upon for supplies. Whatever the opinion of Torrevieja was, it didn't matter much. Everything may be fair in war, and if it is, the rather extraordinary manner in which she was forced to comply with the request of the insurgents may be deemed excusable.

RESUMPTION OF LABOR.

Work has been resumed at the Petersburg (Va.) cotton mills. The clock factory at New Haven, Conn., has started again.

SHIP-YARDS at Kennebunkport, Me., are as lively now as ever.

A SILK MANUFACTORY is to be immediately established at Amherst, Mass.

DUDLEY, Mass., is lively again, the merino works being on full time.

A RESUMPTION is noticed of the Kearsarge Mills, at Portsmouth, N. H.

A PARTIAL resumption is reported by the Newburgh (N. Y.) steam mills.

A HALF-TIME resumption is announced by the paper mills of Bellows Falls, Vt.

THE PHOENIX silk mill, Paterson, N. J., has resumed with 300 extra operatives.

THE Northampton (Mass.) Cutlery Works have started up again on eight hours' time.

THE paper mills just finished at Holyoke, Mass., will be running about the holidays.

THE Great Falls (Vt.) Manufacturing Company has resumed operations on full time.

AT Turner, Me., the woolen mill has resumed operations, running four days per week.

COTTON mills in Alleghany City, Pa., employing 300 men, women and boys, have resumed.

ALL the mills at Fall River, Mass., will, it is thought, be running on full time by New Year's.

IT was reported that the Massachusetts Print Works would resume on full time by the 18th of December.

THE Clyde Works, at River Point, R. I., are so driven by orders that there is talk of running night and day.

BETWEEN 600 and 700 men are employed night and day by the Colt Manufacturing Company, Hartford, Conn.

AT the iron-works of the Woodruff Company, Hartford, Conn., two full sets of hands are working day and night.

THE Germania Woolen Mills, in Holyoke, are obliged to run over regular hours to supply the demand for goods.

AT Biddeford, Me., the Pepperill and Laconia Mills have increased their working time from four to five days per week.

NO REDUCTION of wages has been made by the Central Mills Company, of Southbridge, Mass., and full time is observed.

T. B. PEDDIE & Co., and Simon Brothers, the largest trunk manufacturers of Newark, N. J., started again last week.

THE Vaughan Cotton Mill, at Greenville, R. I., which has been running on half-time, has resumed full operation.

THE calico department of the print-works at Wappinger Falls, N. Y., has resumed work, giving 250 men employment.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., congratulates itself that it has almost entirely recovered from the slight blow its business interests suffered.

THE Woods Cutlery Company, of Bennington, Hillsborough County, N. H., has decided to run its works on full time during the winter.

AN increase in the hours of labor has been made at the Metallic Art Works of Watertown, Mass., the day's work being now nine hours.

ONE HUNDRED hands, out of work for two months, were made happy by the resumption of the Barbour Flax Mills, at Paterson, N. J.

THE mills of the Drexel Brothers and the Pawtucket Manufacturing Company at Pawtucket, R. I., have commenced running on full time.

IN consequence of heavy Government orders, the woolen mills at Lawrence, Mass., have started again on full time and with increased force.

THE mills of the Sutton Manufacturing Company, in Wilkesonville, Mass., which have been closed for two weeks for repairs, are now running on full time.

LAST week the managers of the Duffie Mills, Fall River, Mass., inaugurated a valuable reform by paying their employees weekly instead of monthly, as heretofore.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM the AMERICAN NEWS Co.: Volumes of "The Chatterbox" and "Sunday Reading for the Young," both crowded with pictures adapted to the tastes of children.

T. B. PETERSON & Bros.: "Miss or Mrs.?" and "Other Stories," by Wilkie Collins; "The Heiress of Sweetwater," by J. T. Randolph; "Bellevue and Bondage," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

WILSON, HINKLE & Co., Cincinnati: "The School Stage," a collection of juvenile acting plays, by W. H. Venable.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.: "The Years of Youth," a series of original poems, by Horace Rowe.

LEE & SHEPARD: "The Morning Star" and "Golden Sunbeams," collections of music for singing schools, etc.; "Poetical Dramas for Home and School," "The Marriage Vow," by E. F. Corbin; "The Dev of Youth," "Fireside Saints," "The Turning of the Tide," "The Arena and the Throne," by Dr. Townsend; "The Temperance Drama," by George M. Baker; and "Rhoda Thornton's Girlhood," a very entertaining story for girls, with fine illustrations.

NATIONAL LEGISLATION.

SUBJECTS OF BILLS INTRODUCED IN CONGRESS.

MONDAY, December 24th.—Senate and House reassembled. Joint resolution for construction of the Niagara Ship-canal....Petition of Chamber of Commerce, New York, for specie payments....Petition asking passage of the Supplementary Civil Rights Bill....Authorizing the organization of National Banks without circulation....Cheap transportation between New York and Chicago....Furnishing Supreme Court with busts of the late Chief Justices Taney and Chase....Repeal of tax on savings bank deposits....Free transmission by mail of papers and periodicals....Construction of the Fort St. Philip Ship-canal....Provision of \$25,000,000 additional bank-note circulation....Admission of Colorado as a State....Reduction of postage....Repeal of "Iron-clad" Oath Act....Repeal of that part of the Salary Bill as relates to Vice President, Speaker, Senators, Representatives and Delegates, reported from the Select Committee....Notice of amendment to suspend, during Forty-third Congress, Salary Bill, instead of repealing it....Senate confirmed Presidential nominations.

TUESDAY, December 25th.—Connection of telegraphic with postal service....Provision for the redemption of loan of 1858 by exchange with five per cent. bonds....Bill for repeal of Back-pay Act called up in the House....

WEDNESDAY, December 10th.—For the enlistment of 1,500 additional men for the Navy, from Home Naval Committees....Giving Secretary of the Navy \$4,000,000, from House Appropriation Committee....Recognizing Cuban belligerency....Regulating the traffic in alcohol....Authorizing the issue of the \$44,000,000 reserve, making it part of the permanent circulation....Constitutional amendment making gold and silver coin only a legal tender....Senate confirmed Presidential nominations.

THURSDAY, December 11th.—Establishment of an educational fund, reported from House Committee on Education and Labor....Relief of certain Indian tribes....Restoring privilege of free transmission of newspapers and periodicals by mail....Authorizing appointment of committee on traffic of alcohol....Authorizing partial payment of custom duties in legal tender notes after April 1st, 1874....Reducing expenses of postal service....Calling for information concerning the fixing of Congressional salaries from the formation of Government....Senate adjourned to Monday, 15th.

FRIDAY, December 12th.—Petitions asking repeal of Bankrupt Law....Communication from Secretary of War on defalcation of General Howard, of Freedman's Bureau....House adjourned to Monday, 15th.

PERSONAL.

HON. CALVE CUSHING is fast approaching 74.

MARK POMEROY is in Europe, where he intends spending a year.

GENERAL GRANT, in his Message, omits the customary allusion to Divine Providence.

THE American correspondent of the London *Athenaeum* is a son of Hon. Anson Burlingame.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is to go to Russia to write up the royal marriage for a London paper.

THE Western papers are unanimous in advising Sergeant Bates to carry the flag through Cuba.

MAJOR BUNDY, of the New York *Evening Mail*, is writing editorial letters to that journal from Washington.

GENERAL W. W. BELKNAP, Secretary of War, has been married to Mrs. A. T. Bowen, an accomplished lady of Cincinnati.

MISS BANKS, report says, is engaged to ex-Governor Warmouth, of Louisiana, both of whom were prominent in society last season.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT has presented Princeton (Ill.) High School with \$500, the income of which is to be yearly distributed in prizes.

M. THIERS has taken possession of his new house in Paris, and the gossip says he will entertain in superior style during the winter season.

M. BARTHOLDY, Secretary of the French Embassy at St. Petersburg, has been appointed to succeed the Marquis de Noailles at Washington.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL BENJAMIN H. BRIETOW and family are in Louisville, Ky., but will leave for the Arlington House, Washington, in a few days.

VICTOR EMANUEL, of Italy, forbids army officers imitating his style of mustache. This is given out on the authority of an ex-Italian ambassador.

THE Norristown *Herald* man, admitting that Oliver Wendell Holmes is the great American humorist, demands fiercely that he write a comic almanac.

THE "Black Crook" has, according to Harry Palmer, drawn \$1,567,307.75 into the treasury of Niblo's Garden since its first production, September 12th, 1866.

"WAR," said John Stuart Mill, "is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things. The decayed and degraded state of national feeling that thinks nothing worth a war is worse."

SERGEANT BATES lives at Saybrook, Ill., and has been interviewed on the situation. He thinks several American flags ought to be carried through Cuba, together with a lot of stretchers.

JEANNET TESSIER, who was assassinated in Turin last month, was an old servant of Count Cavour, and by a singular coincidence was killed on the eve of the inauguration of the Cavour monument.

WILLIAM S. WOODWARD, the Wall Street operator, who, a couple of years ago, went down in the Rock Island pool, has been adjudged bankrupt on his own petition. His liabilities are stated at about \$3,000,000.

JAMES R. YOUNG, formerly the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and a very popular man among politicians of both parties, has been elected Executive Clerk of the United States Senate.

AN episode in Mr. John P. Hale's career was the devoted attachment between a young lady of his family and the actor John Wilkes Booth. In Booth's diary, which was taken from his dead body, there was a picture of this lady.

DR. RUSSELL, in his "Diary During the Last Great War," describes Marshal Bazaine as "a sensuous, carping sort of man, with a good deal of swagger; a café, billiard kind of general, all feathers and boots, like Winfield Scott."

THE discovery of a new Swedish nightingale is announced. Martha Ericsson, a servant-girl of Stockholm, is about to proceed to Paris for education. She is said to have a marvelous voice, and already figures in print as the "future rival of Christine Nilsson."

ORVILLE S. GRANT, brother of the President, is said to be at the head of a company which is about to establish extensive zinc works at Bristol, Bucks County, Pa. The company is said to have a paid-up capital of \$1,000,000. Is this the revival of Bucks County lead?

TWO of Charles Gibbon's works—"For Lack of Gold" and "For the King"—are being translated into French and German, and will appear simultaneously in Paris and Berlin. Both of the novels have been published in this country, and were great successes.



HOW LONG SHALL SUCH BRUTALITY LAST?

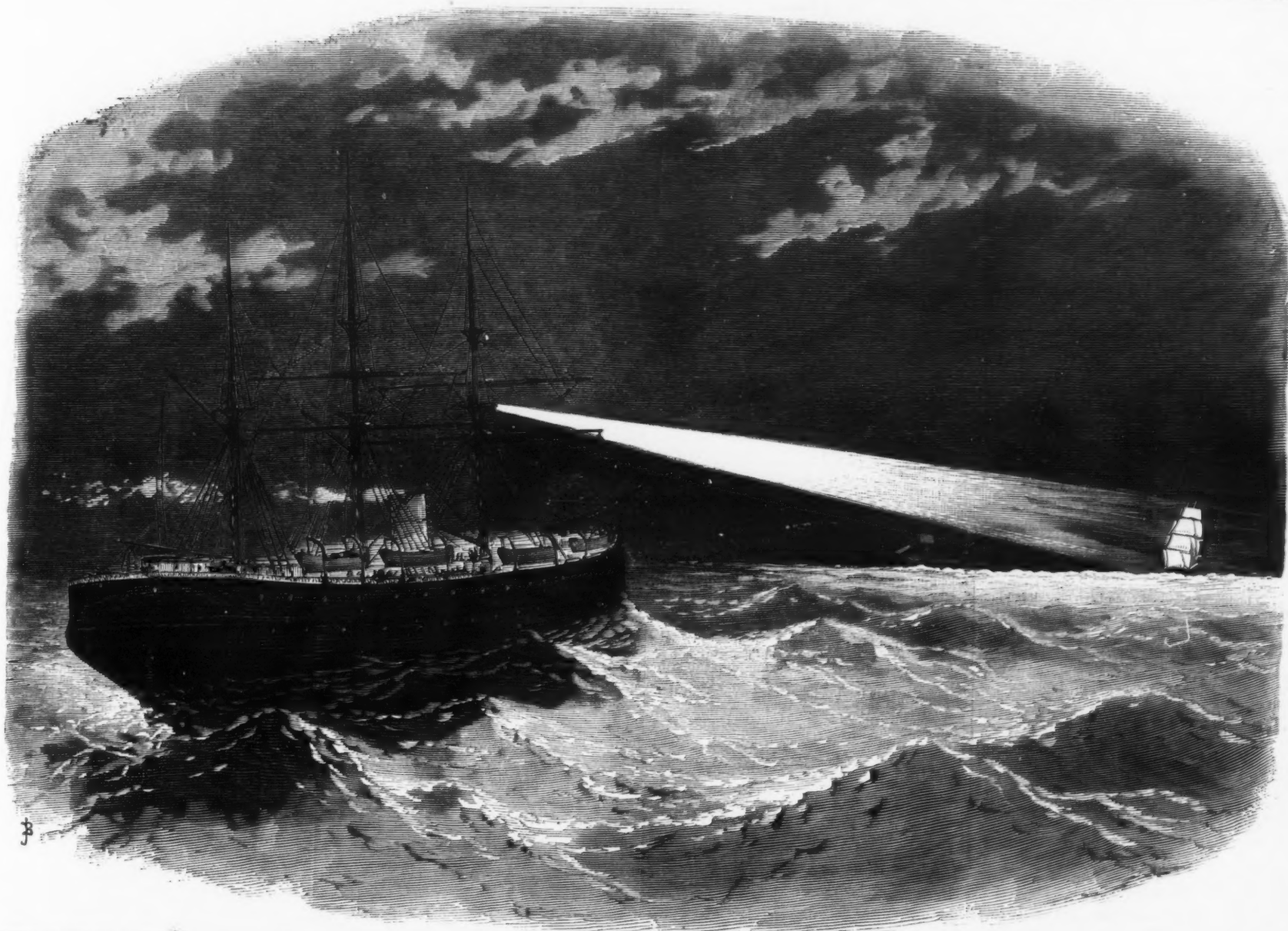
JOHN BUTL—"Uncle Sam, such a scene as that could not occur at my door-step. How long do you intend to tolerate it? Why don't you take possession of Cuba, and free it from such brutes?"

UNCLE SAM—"I don't want the Island, but I will teach those fellows what humanity means, if nothing else."

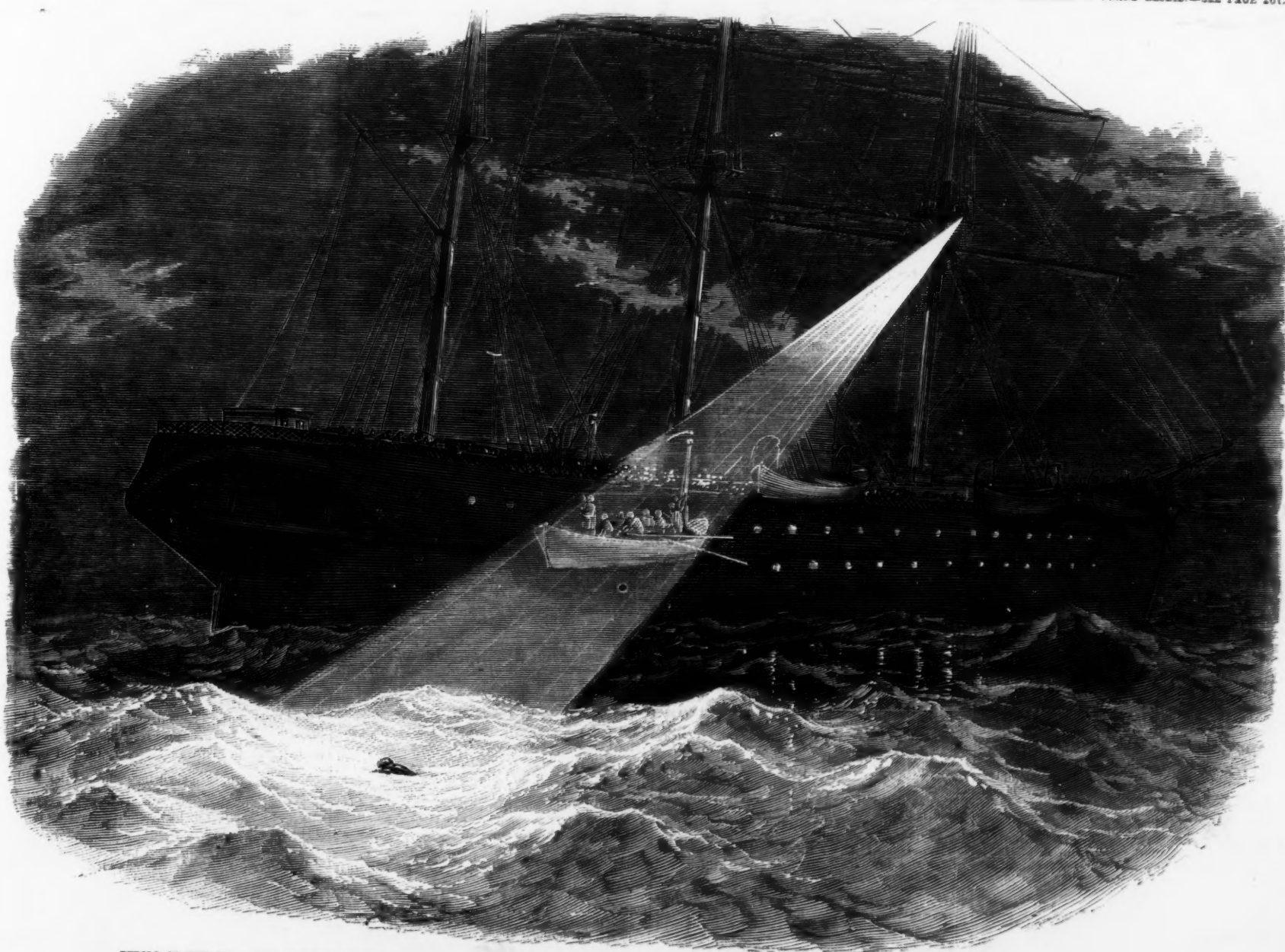
JOHN BUTL—"There is only one thing to do. If you don't want the Island, help its natives to govern themselves, and we will jointly protect them."

1st SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Nov. 20.—An attempt to exterminate Cuban women was made a few days ago by the Volunteers and some of the crew of the *Tornado*. When the *Virginus* was brought into the harbor, it was the occasion of great festivities, and liquor flowed freely. Towards midnight a party of men, with hounds to hunt their victims, started for the wood. No one dared to prevent what it was known would follow. The next morning they boasted in the streets of what had taken place, and related, with pride and pleasure, the violence to which they had subjected these women and girls, some of the latter being only ten years old. —*A Freeman to the New York Herald*, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, DECEMBER 27.

Maltby



PERILS OF THE SEA.—THE ELECTRIC LIGHT DISPLAYED ON BOARD A TRANSATLANTIC STEAMER AT NIGHT IN MID-OCEAN, SHOWING ITS EFFECT AT A LONG DISTANCE.—SKETCHED BY FRANK LESLIE.—SEE PAGE 261.



PERILS OF THE SEA.—THE ELECTRIC LIGHT THROWN ON A BOAT LOWERED AT NIGHT FOR WRECKED PERSONS IN MID-OCEAN.—SKETCHED BY FRANK LESLIE.—SEE PAGE 261.

WINTER.

Thick lies the snow, and the rough winds blow wild—
All night they have struggled with wave and sail,
And frightened from sleeping the little child.
The life-boat is launched, the stoutest hearts quail,
The child sees the morning dawn yellow and dim,
But no light can bring back his father to him.

Thick lies the snow on the fallow and fen,
Rivers are frozen; against the gray sky
The stiff willows stand, like way-weary men,
Not caring to live, not daring to die;
Herons have forsaken the banks in despair,
Stillness and shadows are everywhere.

Thick lies the snow on the churchyard's smooth mounds,
Deep lies the pathway in Summer days trod;
Silence where echoed melodious sounds—
The past is all dead, and the dead are with God.
For nothing that's gone the heart stoops to crave,
A hush on the lips, or a cross on a grave.

Thick lies the snow; the soft flakes still fall;
The tracks are all hidden; night is descending.
Ah, me, for a shadow to flit on the wall,
Now, while this shower of bright sparks is ascending!
Were all the world sleeping, there's one who would know,
Should it come long past midnight, a step o'er the snow.

DEATH IN LIFE;

OR,

THE FUTURE OF A FORGERY.

CHAPTER V.—"MACKEREL."

IT was many years since East Broadway had made any pretensions to being a fashionable street. The tide of business and wealth which had once been expected to set in that direction had long ago moved towards a different point of the compass, and Fifth Avenue had been established as the fashionable headquarters, while East Broadway was left to linger out a miserable existence as a third-rate thoroughfare.

The buildings that had once been considered fine mansions, the almost palatial residences of the wealthy, when wealth was counted by the thousands instead of millions, had been vacated by their former owners, and left to the occupancy of physicians, milliners, boarding-house keepers, and others who would not venture to intrude upon the domain of fashion. Some of the families of the olden time still lingered about their old haunts; but they were gradually dropping off, becoming convinced that it was no longer a matter of pride to claim a residence in East Broadway.

One of those houses, large and of respectable appearance, bore upon its front door a silvered plate, on which were inscribed, in German text, the words, "DOCTOR BLISTER." The same legend was visible upon a tin sign on the wall between the basement-door and one of the windows, with the additional information that the office of the doctor was there located. For the rest, there was nothing remarkable about the appearance of the house.

Just before dusk a boy came stealing out of the basement-door of this house. He passed through the area, opened the iron gate, and slipped out into the street.

Judging by his size and build, one would have supposed this boy to be nine or ten years of age; judging by his face, he appeared to be at least thirteen. It was a bad face, but not by any means an ugly one. In fact, it was almost handsome, in spite of the large and slightly hooked nose, which gave somewhat of a Jewish cast to his countenance. His eyes, as black as jet, and set closely together, had an evil sparkle in them, which was not relieved by his dark eyebrows and overhanging forehead. His lips were thin, his nose was sharp, and the entire expression of his face was crafty and cruel. His black hair, which evinced a propensity to curl, was carefully combed, and his slim form was attired in a fine suit of black velvet. Evidently he was the pride and darling of his mother's heart.

When he had reached the pavement, he cast a hurried glance about him, as if to make sure that he was not watched, walked leisurely to the corner of the next street, and then ran at the top of his speed the distance of a few blocks. As he paused to take breath and to look behind him, he was thus greeted by a boy from a neighboring doorstep:

"Hello, Mackerel! Got loose again, have you? Does your mammy know you're out?"

This insulting insinuation at once aroused the wrath of the boy in black velvet. He darted an angry glance at the other boy, and stopped, as if to pick up a stone; but the boy, with a mocking laugh, disappeared within the shelter of his own house.

As the boy in velvet slowly walked down a side street, towards the East River, he was made the object of similar opprobrious remarks. He was alluded to as the youth upon whom his medical parent tried the virtue of his pills, the boy who was sent up the water-pipes by his mother to clean them out, and the lad who had been employed to perform the duties of a yardstick in a Chatham Street establishment.

These insults came from boys who were physically more than a match for him, or who were ennobled in positions where they were safe from his vengeance; but it could be seen by the flushing of his cheeks and the kindling of his eyes that they rankled in his breast, and that his pent-up anger longed to find a victim upon whom it could vent itself.

An opportunity soon occurred. From the concealment of an alley a ball of mud was thrown at him, which struck him on the hip, splattering all over the left side of his fine velvet suit, and sending dirty drops up into his face.

Suddenly he stopped and turned around, his cheeks all aglow with anger, and his flashing black eyes showing that the tiger in his nature was fairly aroused.

He saw no one upon whom his anger might fall, with the exception of a boy, considerably younger than himself, who was leaning against an area-fence near by. There was not the least reason to suppose that this boy had been the author of the mischief; but he was smiling at what had been done, and there was no one else in sight. This was sufficient for him in velvet, who rushed upon his victim with a cry of rage and with the spring of a tiger.

The boy at the area was quick to understand the meaning of that wrathful face and of that furious movement. With a shriek of fear he turned and ran inside the railing, and attempted to get down the steps; but his foe was upon him in an instant, and he was seized and thrown backward on the bricks. The mad young hornet on top of him, as if blind to everything but his enemy, and utterly regardless of consequences, hastened to rain down blows upon the childish face, at the same time pulling out handfuls of flaxen hair, and clawing the delicate skin until the cheeks ran blood.

The cries of the tortured child brought out from the basement a red-armed and large-handed woman, who plucked the young madman from his victim,

lifted him over the low railing of the area, and dropped him on the pavement outside, after shaking him until it seemed that she would hustle him out of his garments.

"Git out of this, you young devil!" she exclaimed, in an unmistakably Irish accent. "You ought to be hanged, but hangin' would be too good for the like of yez."

She then picked up the screaming and sobbing child, and carried him down the steps into the house.

As the boy in velvet rose from the pavement, his senses were not very clear at first, in consequence of the shaking he had received; but the animal instinct of revenge was uppermost in his mind. Like a tiger that had tasted blood, he was wild with the craving for more, and the manner in which he had been balked of his prey only rendered him more furious. A glance at his stained and disordered attire increased his wrath, and he yielded himself entirely to the sway of his passions.

His victim was no longer visible, and the woman who had attacked him had also disappeared; but they had both taken shelter in the house, and it became the next object of his indignation.

He hurriedly gathered an armful of stones and pieces of brick and bits of coal, and began to throw them, with passionate vehemence, against the basement-windows. The noise of the breaking glass attracted the attention of people in the adjoining and opposite houses, and windows were hastily raised by those who wished to see what was the matter; but the vengeful boy did not desist from his destructive employment until he had exhausted his armful of missiles.

The woman again rushed out, her face purple with rage; but the majesty of the law was before her, represented by a burly Irish policeman, who seized the youth by the collar, as he was about to fly from the scene of action.

"You needn't try to git away from me, you young limb of Satan!" he exclaimed, as the boy writhed and squirmed in his efforts to free himself from the strong grasp. "I caught you at it, and I'll put you where you won't be likely to do the like of that mischief ag'in very shortly."

"Have you got him, Mister O'Callaghan?" asked the woman, as she appeared upon the scene. "I hope you will make an example of the young haythen, which hangin' would be much better than he deserves."

"Is it yerself, Miss Moloney? You may be certain that the Christ-killin' little devil of a Jew will git no mercy from me. This isn't the first time I've seen him at his mischief, but I was never able to lay hands on him till now."

"It's not only the breakin' of the windys, Mister O'Callaghan; that's but a small part of the damage he has done. Here's little Willy in the house, that's been nearly kilt by him, and his hair pulled out by the roots, and his purty white face all a gore of blood, which you can see it for yourself; and we ought to have a docther here at this minute."

"He threw mud at me," muttered the boy in velvet.

"You lie, you young imp! You know that he never so much as winked at you, but stood here by the airy, as pacelful and gentle as a little lamb, when you pitched onto him like a young tiger from the wilds of Jamaica."

"He has done enough, that I know of, to send him to the House of Refuge, if no worse," said the policeman. "You needn't fear, Miss Moloney, but what he'll git his deserts. Will you be at the court in the mornin' to appear ag'inst him?"

"I will spake to the mistress about it, and she or I will come down, or both of us, and belike we will bring little Willy, if the docther will let him be moved."

"Good-evenin' to you, Miss Moloney."

"Good-evenin', Mister O'Callaghan."

The boy, who had ceased his attempts to escape, burst into tears, not of repentance, but of rage, and clamorously demanded to be taken home to his mother, but the obdurate policeman proudly led him away, leaving Kate Moloney in a high state of exultation.

Entering the residence of Doctor Blister, to discover the effect of the boy's disappearance, we find the doctor alone in his office in the basement.

The blinds are closed, and the room is lighted by a single jet of gas in the centre. It is uncarpeted, and the furniture consists chiefly of a well-filled book-case, sundry boxes and chests, a large cupboard, which is also a cabinet, a furnace and a sand bath, a galvanic battery, and a large table covered with jars, vials, retorts, books, papers, and a miscellaneous litter that it would be difficult to describe. From the surroundings we would naturally suppose that Doctor Blister was a chemist, rather than a physician, and such, in truth, was the reputation he enjoyed and the occupation by which he profited. He did not pretend to be a regular practitioner of medicine, although he submitted to being called out to occasional consultations, or for the purpose of prescribing for exceptional cases. It was as an analytical chemist that he was chiefly known, and his reputation in that specialty was so great among his medical brethren, that he had ample scope for the exercise of his abilities, and was at liberty to claim large fees for his professional services.

Doctor Blister was a man in the prime of life, tall, and slightly inclined to corpulence. He was evidently a foreigner, and had the appearance of a German Jew. His bristly hair and his heavy beard and mustache were plentifully streaked with gray, and the shaggy brows that overhung his piercing black eyes were nearly white. His face generally wore an absent, abstracted look, though he could smile quite pleasantly when he chose to do so.

We find him seated at his table, wrapped in a long and not over-clean dressing-gown, watching a reddish liquid that is being slowly filtered through white paper into a jar. His attention is occasionally occupied with a microscope, by the aid of which he examines some dark stains on a paper that lies on the table.

As he is thus engaged, the door opens softly, and a lady enters the room.

A lady, whose age probably verges upon forty, although she undoubtedly endeavors to appear as young as possible—a lady of tall and commanding appearance, with magnificent raven black hair, and large, dark eyes, filled with slumbering fire. Her face is still beautiful, and in her cheeks is a rich, glowing color, which may not be entirely unconnected with the effects of art. She is almost showily attired in a dark silk dress, cut and made in the latest style, with a simple white collar and a coral pin at the throat. Her hands and ears and hair are ornamented with what some might consider a profusion of heavy jewelry, but her style of beauty seems able to bear the load.

The doctor, or the professor, as he prefers to be called, lays down his microscope and his spectacles as she enters the room, and makes her a courtly bow.

"Louise, my angel! I am at all times enchanted at seeing you here; but I pray that you will be more careful how you open the door. You had nearly broken a retort."

"I am always careful, professor; but you keep

your laboratory so abominably littered up, that it is hardly possible to move in it without doing some damage. I hope I have not interrupted you in an experiment?"

"Not at all, my dear. I was merely examining some blood corpuscles, and I almost believe that I have made a discovery; but I will need a more powerful microscope and a stronger light to develop it."

"I hope that you will not get excited on the blood question. Your fingers, that were so badly hacked and hewed during your last investigation, have barely yet been cured."

"And what of that, Madame Blister? If I should devote a finger to science, surely it is little enough to do."

"I have not come to argue with you, but to call you to tea. Have you seen Mackwitz? I expected to find him here."

"Ah, Mackwitz—the wonderful Mackwitz! The profoundest student of the corpuscular philosophy that the world has yet known!"

"I was not speaking of any fusty old philosopher, but of our son."

"Our son? Correct you are, Madame Blister. You were speaking of Mackwitz, our son. I have not seen him. Is he not up-stairs?"

"He is nowhere about the house. He must have slipped out into the street. Yes, the area-door is open. I greatly dislike to restrain him and confine him to the house; but the dear child is so high-spirited! He dislikes the boys of this neighborhood, who are envious of his fine appearance, and they irritate him until it is no wonder that he gets into difficulty. I wish he would come back."

"He will return, my angel, when—when he gets hungry."

"I am in continual fear when he is out of my sight. I will tell Lena to ring the large bell at the front door, and perhaps he will hear it and come home. If you are ready, professor, please walk up-stairs, and we will have our tea."

CHAPTER VI.—A TRIAL, AND RETRIBUTION.

DOCTOR BLISTER put on a coat, and otherwise improved his outward appearance before he went up-stairs, as he knew that his spouse would not allow any manner of undress at meals.

When he had seated himself opposite to his wife, the German girl, who had set the table, went to the front door to ring for the missing boy, and a third person entered the room.

This was a young lady, who might have seen twenty Summers, and perhaps the same number of Winters. The Summers had filled her face with their warmth and beauty, and the Winters had not left a trace upon her. Her form was something wonderful for its rounded lines and its little gracefulness. Her face was of that beauty which is born of intelligence and amiability. Her abundant hair was of a rich shade of brown. Her large eyes were also brown, and full of warmth and expression. Such was she who then took a seat at the table, who was called Nellie by Mrs. Blister, and who addressed that lady as mother.

"Where is Mackwitz?" she asked, as she looked around the table.

"He has slipped out," replied Mrs. Blister; "and I am so afraid that he may get into trouble. I have sent Lena to ring the bell at the door for him. Here she comes. Did you see the dear child, Lena?"

Lena said that she had seen nothing of Master Mackwitz.

"Throw a shawl over your head, Lena, and go out and look for him. We shan't need you here."

The girl went out, and soon returned. She had not gone far, she said, when she met a boy who asked her if she was looking for Mackerel. When informed that such was the nature of her errand, he said that he knew what had become of the youth, but refused to give any information unless he should be rewarded therefor. He was then at the door, waiting until he should be induced to enter.

Mrs. Blister directed that this mercenary witness should be brought in; and a shock-headed, dirty-faced young Arab followed Lena into the dining-room.

"Gimme a dime," was his response to the request that he should tell what he knew concerning the disappearance of the heir of the house.

Having been paid his fee, he proceeded to unload himself of his information.

"I seed Mackerel, nigh about an hour ago, raisin' thunder down on Rutgers Street, and a policeman come along and took him off to the station-us."

A cross-examination developed the facts that Mackwitz had made an unprovoked attack upon a boy who was smaller than himself, that he had been interfered with in this amusement, and that he was taking his revenge by breaking windows, when he was arrested by the policeman.

The witness was dismissed, and the family went into committee of the whole on the subject of Mackwitz, Mrs. Blister in the chair.

"That poor boy's temper has brought him into trouble again," remarked Nellie.

"His temper, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Blister. "How can you say so, Nellie, when you know that the insults that are put upon him by the rude boys of this neighborhood would arouse the spirit of an angel? They hate him because he wears fine clothes, and because he will not condescend to mingle with them. What are you smiling at, professor? I see no cause for levity."

"I am smiling to see how easily we can put an end to trouble. We will dress the boy in common clothes."

"I expected some such wise remark. We will do nothing of the kind. I assure you. The first thing to be done is to get him out of his present difficulty, and I must go to that station-house at once."

"Shall I accompany you, my love?"

"No, thank you, professor. I shall do much better without you. You will be in the way, and you might make matters worse with your impracticable ideas."

Doctor Blister was by no means displeased at this rebuff, as he was always willing to shuffle off upon his wife's shoulders all unpleasant burdens, and only desired to be left alone with his laboratory. Mrs. Blister proceeded to array herself in elegant attire, doubtless with the view of making an impression upon the minds of the police officials, and her appearance was absolutely resplendent as she sallied out upon her errand.

Her silks and jewels, and even her beauty, had little visible effect upon the hardened officers, as they were accustomed to the sight of women in magnificent array who came to intercede for prisoners; but she was treated with politeness, and respectful replies were given to all her questions.

The sergeant in charge informed her that the complaint against her boy was a serious one, and that it must be investigated by a police justice.

To this the lady submitted, and requested that she might be allowed to take the boy home for the night, promising to produce him at the office of the justice in the morning.

"Quite impossible, madame," replied the officer, "as I know nothing about your responsibility. As the prisoner is so young, I am willing to stretch my

authority as far as possible. If you can bring some one with whom I am acquainted, and who will be responsible for the appearance of the boy, I will allow you to take him home."

"Would a respectable lawyer do?" asked Mrs. Blister.

"Certainly, if I am acquainted with him."

"Mr. Charles Henshaw," said the lady, reading from a card that she took from her reticule.

The sergeant said that Mr. Henshaw would do, and the mother was granted a brief interview with her son, and then hastened to find the lawyer. Time was required for this quest, as Mr. Henshaw's office was closed and he resided up-town. It was, therefore, quite late at night when he reached the station with Mrs. Blister, and by that time the boy had cried and fretted himself to sleep. He was in a state of extreme sullenness when he was aroused and taken into the ante-room, where he was released upon Mr. Henshaw's promise that he should be forthcoming in the morning.

Henshaw left the station after assuring Mrs. Blister that he would call in the morning to accompany her to the trial, and the lady returned to her residence with the rescued boy, who was in the worst possible humor.

The trial was not a very frightful affair, although Mrs. Blister had hardly slept for the dread of it. Only the servant-girl and the policeman were present to press the charge against the boy, and their evidence was short of exaggerations by Henshaw's cross-examination. When they had said their say, the lawyer made a brief statement for the defense.

He did not pretend to deny the assault and the trespass, but urged, in mitigation of the offense, that the boy, if not actually of infirm mind, was strangely constituted, and was not at all times responsible for his actions. Knowing this to be the fact, his parents, one of whom was a physician and analytical chemist of some celebrity, at all times endeavored to restrain him within the limits of the house; but he sometimes evaded the strict watch that was kept upon him. The vicious youths of the neighborhood, also knowing his infirmities, sought opportunities to annoy him and to provoke his naturally irritable temper to an explosion. In this instance they had insulted him and thrown mud at him, and the evidence showed that he had supposed the boy whom he attacked to have been guilty of pelting him with mud. His mother would take the stand, if the Court so desired, and detail her son's idiosyncrasies; but the subject was a painful one to her, and it seemed to him (Henshaw) that nothing was needed beyond the simple statement that he had made. The lady deeply regretted the unfortunate occurrence, and was willing to make compensation for any damage that had been done.

The appearance of so respectable a lawyer as Henshaw in the case, and the calm statement of his opinion, had their effect upon the justice, who made some wise remarks concerning the "abnormal condition" of the boy, and imposed a small fine, advising the mother to keep a closer watch on him, if possible.

Mrs. Blister paid the fine, and took her young hopeful home, after giving Mr. Henshaw a pressing invitation to call and see her. The young lawyer, who had not failed to observe the beauty of Nellie during his brief visit, assured her that he would take great pleasure in calling upon her.

That night there was a strange occurrence in the vicinity of the Blister mansion.

The policeman who had arrested young Mackwitz walked regularly around the quiet blocks that composed his beat, passing the house at stated hours, which were well known by those within, and by none better than by the boy whom he had arrested.

A little before the time when the policeman was expected, Mackwitz stole out at the basement-door, thrust his hand through the area-railing, and deposited something upon the pavement.

This something was a large and apparently well-filled pocketbook. It was placed in the glare of a neighboring street-lamp, where no shadow could fall upon it and hide it. The boy waited until he heard the well-known slow tread of the policeman, as he came down the street, and then stole back into the house.

The night and the street were very quiet. Scarcely did any one pass at that hour, and no one was in sight when the policeman came leisurely along the pavement. His eyes, which were seldom raised towards heaven, at once fell upon the pocketbook when he approached it, and he hastened to pick it up.

It was a prize, and his eyes glistened as he took it in his hands. After looking around, to make sure that no one was watching him, he turned it over and examined it on the outside. It was of fine leather, well made, and was certainly filled with something. What was the something that it was filled with?

On this point Policeman O'Callaghan intended to satisfy himself right speedily. He knew that pocketbooks were generally filled with money, and there was good reason to believe that this one was similarly stuffed. The rules of the service required him to deposit all such wafers at the station-house; but policemen are fallible mortals and the rules of the service are not always obeyed. He determined to look into the wallet, and to know whether it was worth keeping. If it should prove to be such as he supposed it to be, the conflict between duty and desire would be easily settled.

It did not open easily. There was a steel clasp, and the finder did not at once discover its mode of operations.

"Be jabbers, and how does it open, anyhow?" he muttered, as he fumbled with the clasp. "The devil's in the thing, sure. Ah, I have it now!"

He did have it then. The "devil" that was in the thing burst out with an explosion. There was not much noise, but a good blaze and smoke, with strong smell of burning gunpowder. O'Callaghan dropped the pocketbook, with a yell of agony, and looked ruefully at his hands, which had been badly burned by the explosive material, and pricked by some needle-like substances that had been inclosed within it. Then he cast a vengeful glance at the house, where all was dark and silent. He was morally certain that the infernal machine had been prepared at the Blister mansion, and it had been placed on the pavement for the very purpose which it had accomplished; but he knew that it would be impossible to prove the truth of his suspicion, and he could only grind his teeth and mutter a curse, as he hastened to find an apothecary to bind up his wounds.

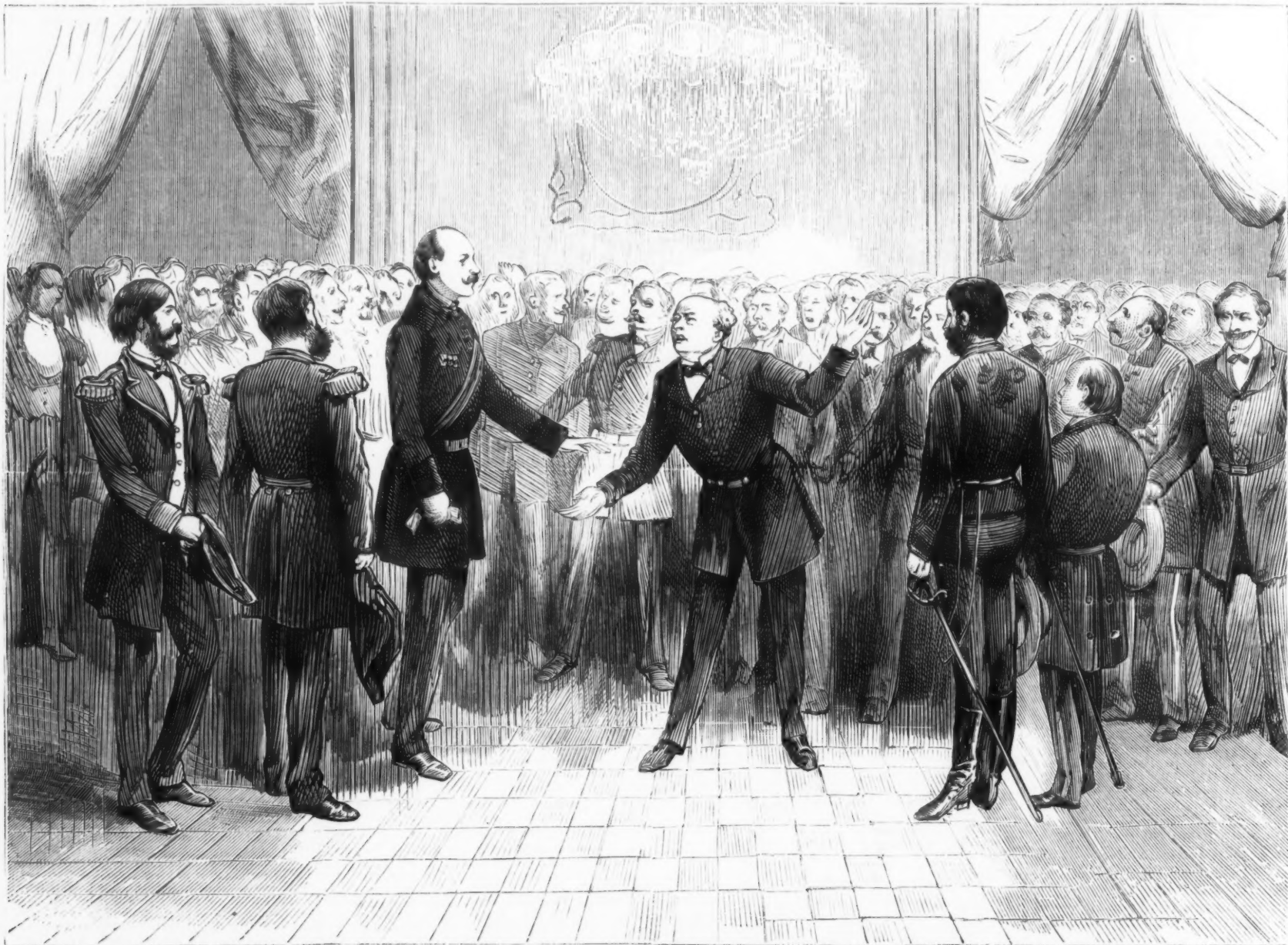
If he could have looked through the brick wall, he would have seen a boy standing near a window of Doctor Blister's office, whose cruel and exultant laugh was only stifled by a man who laid his large hand over his mouth.

"Come, Mackwitz," said the doctor. "Let us now go up-stairs quietly."

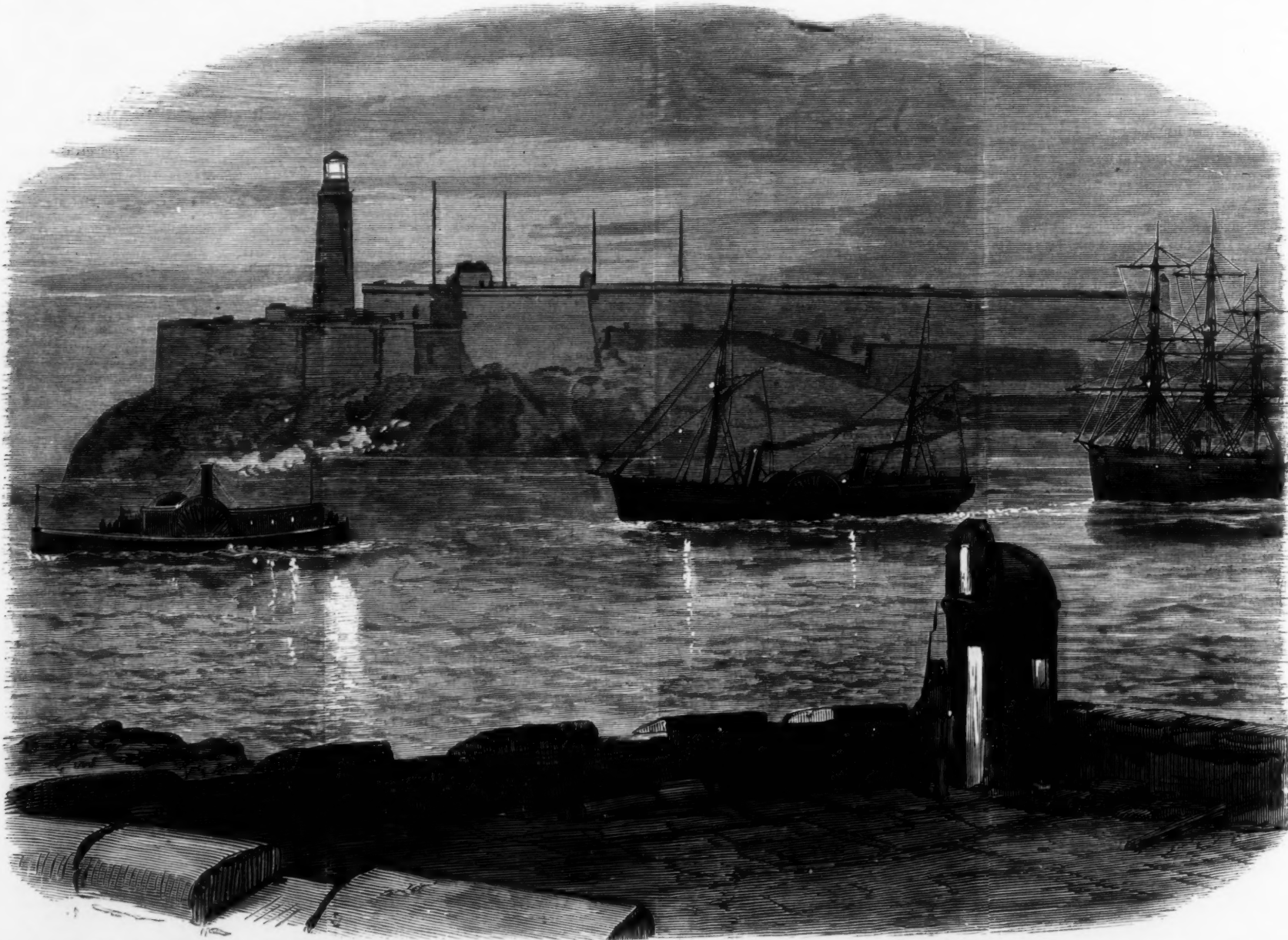
He took the boy by the hand and led him through the darkness.

On the second floor he met his wife, in her night-dress, who anxiously asked what they were doing there at that hour, and what was the meaning of the noise she had heard in front of the house.

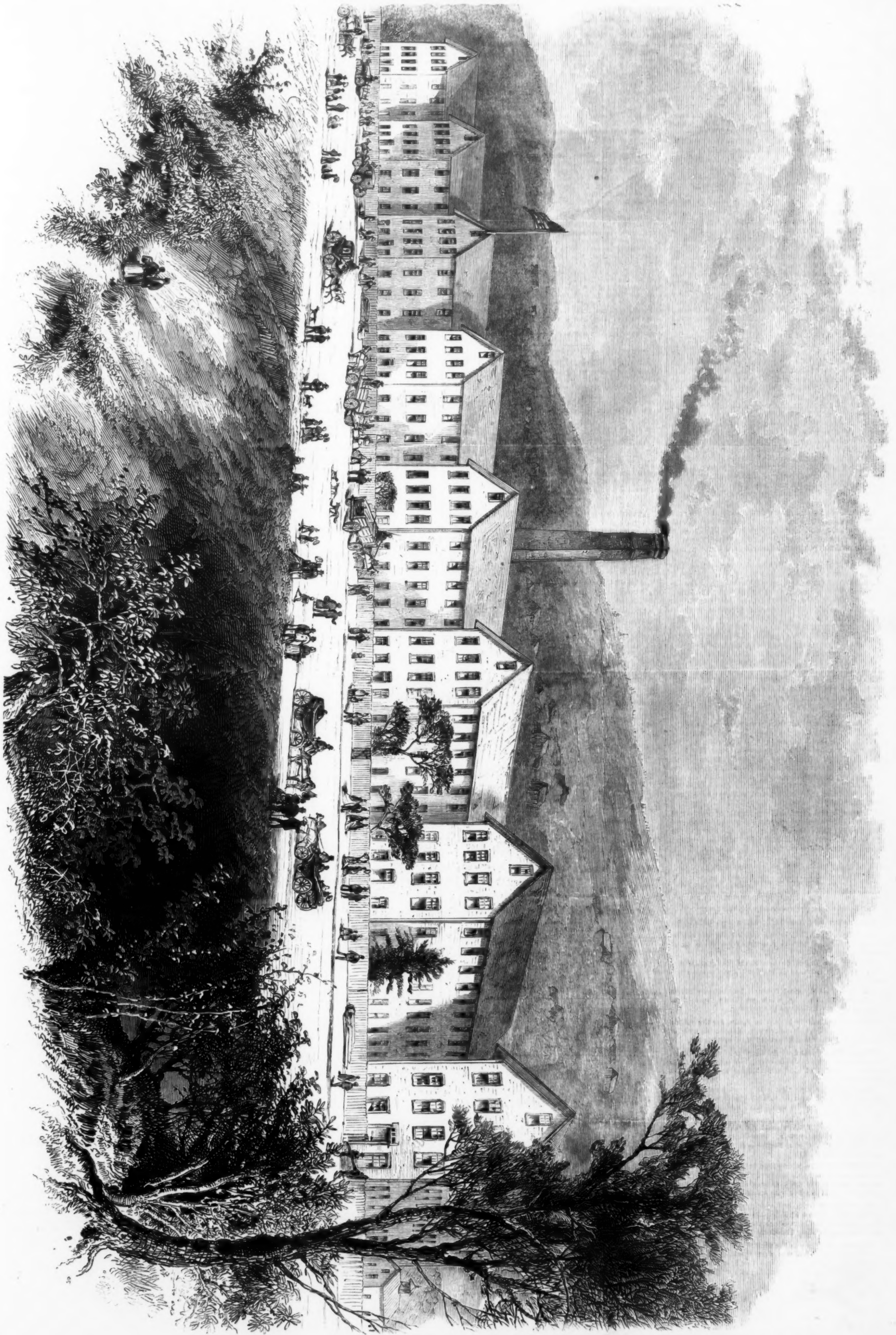
"Ah, it was a good game!" gleefully replied Doc-



HAVANA, CUBA.—RECEPTION OF CAPTAIN-GENERAL JOVELLAR, FROM SPAIN, BY THE CASINO ESPANOL.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN HAVANA, F. W. MATTHEWS.—SEE PAGE 267.



HAVANA, CUBA.—THE STEAMER "VIRGINIA," UNDER TOW BY A GOVERNMENT TUG, BEING ESCORTED OUT OF HAVANA HARBOR BY THE SPANISH WAR-SHIP "ISABEL LA CATOLICA," AT DAWN OF DECEMBER 12TH.—SKETCHED FROM LAND OPPOSITE MORRO CASTLE, BY F. W. MATTHEWS.—SEE PAGE 267.



THE ESTEY ORGAN MANUFACTORY, AT BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT.—S. F. PAGE 270

ESTEY ORGAN MANUFACTORY, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

THE town of Brattleboro, Vt., possesses the finest and most complete manufactory of reed organs in the world. It is owned and run by Estey & Co., which firm enjoys a reputation that is cosmopolitan, and it is well deserved. The magnificent system to which the art of making organs has been reduced had its inception at Brattleboro in 1846. After a three years' struggle, the men who had the enterprise in hand abandoned it for the more seductive prospects of gold-hunting in California. Mr. Jacob Estey, then a thrifty plumber of the place, came forward with capital, and expressed his willingness to become a silent partner. In 1857 the firm was Estey & Greene. In 1861 Mr. Estey took it alone. In 1864 he was burned out, but nothing daunted, the business was started again by J. Estey & Co. Later still, Mr. Levi K. Fuller and Mr. Julius J. Estey joined Mr. Jacob Estey in the management of the business.

After the burning out in 1864, the manufactory was located upon the "flats," but the disastrous effects of the freshets in that locality admonished them that another location must be sought for the growth and enlargement of their business. A farm of some sixty or seventy acres, fronting on Birge Street, and overlooking the village, was selected as a suitable site for the erection of the needed buildings, in 1869, and the firm now has, beyond question, the most convenient, complete and extensive reed organ manufactory in the world. There are eight three-story factories, one hundred feet long, and from thirty to thirty-eight feet in width, all built the same distance from Birge Street, upon which they front, and forty feet from each other. A walk at the rear of the second story connects all these buildings, and by the aid of this, and by elevators in each building, the transportation of articles from the different buildings, and from the different stories of the same building, is very readily accomplished. In the rear of these main buildings are two large dry-houses, which are used for seasoning the lumber, and are kept at a uniform temperature of 120 degrees, by means of steam-pipes. There are also a blacksmith's shop, a building for the steam fire-engine, and a fire-proof engine-house, and they are now building a large store-house and gas-works, for supplying the manufactory with gas. There are also within the inclosure two dwelling-houses, occupied by the expressmen, watchmen and firemen connected with the establishment, and in the rear of the manufactory inclosure there has sprung up quite a village of comfortable and tidy-looking dwelling-houses, many of which are occupied by their workmen.

Lumber, reed metal, ivory and ebony are the raw materials used. The lumber in the cases is pine and black walnut, and French veneers. The annual consumption of lumber, including the Vermont lumber used for packing-boxes, is over three million feet.

The most carefully guarded department of the works from the eyes of the curious is the reed-room, and the passes issued at the office for the inspection of the works do not provide for admission to that room, unless special agreement is made to that effect with the proprietors. One of the peculiar excellencies of the Estey organs is the sweetness and purity of their tones, and a considerable part of this is due to the reeds—both to the material of which they are made, and to the manner in which they are constructed out of the metal, which comes in sheets; and in the reed-room there are about a dozen costly and delicate automatic machines, which are used in the preparation of this metal into reeds. These machines have all been invented and built upon the premises, and they do their allotted work so perfectly, and with such marked results, that they are the envy of other manufacturers, who have in vain resorted to every means to possess themselves of the peculiarities of their construction. Some thousand pounds of reed metal are worked up every month. The first successful octave coupler, or harmonic attachment, was made here, and the firm owns some twenty-five patents, covering the harmonic attachment, the vox humana, the vox jubilate, the manual sub bass, knee swell, the reed board, and other valuable improvements.

About ten thousand dollars worth of ivory are used up every month. Over 500 persons are employed at date in the establishment. The present production is 900 organs a month, but the demand is always ahead of the supply. There are a million dollars invested in the enterprise, which bids fair to extend and perfect itself still further.

FLAKES.

The best food for gymnasts—Spring chickens.

A HANDSOME thing in ladies' hose—A neat little foot.

The railroad train that is run into by another is telescoped; the man who is run into by a Texas ox is steerscoped.

WHAT is the difference between a temptation and eternity? One is a wife of the devil and the other is a devil of a wife.

WHY are coals the most contradictory articles known to commerce? Because, when purchased, instead of going to the buyer, they go to the cellar.

DIVORCES are hardly known in Spain, for the reason that the husband can find some one to shoot his wife for twenty-five cents when he gets tired of matrimony.

SMALL COAL-DEALER—"Another penny, my dear. They're six. Ah, coals is coals, now-a-days." Little Girl—"I'm glad of that, sir. Mother said all the last lot were slates."

JOHN BILLINGS says that "Diogenes hunted in the daytime for an honest man, with a lantern; if he had lived in these times he would have needed the hed lite or a lokomotif."

DOMESTIC YOUNG LADY (making pie)—"Frank, the kitchen's no place for boys. Has dough such an attraction for you?" Clever Youth—"It isn't the dough, cousin—it's the dear!"

PRINCE TAYLOR, a young man at Vincennes, rolled up his eyes, and swore that he loved Kate Smith better than his life, and yet one week after marriage she had him arrested for mauling her with an ax-handle.

THE following fresh and sparkling news item is, of course, taken from a Philadelphia paper: "Aurius Manlius Severinus Boethius, a celebrated Latin philosopher, was beheaded by King Theodoric 1,348 years ago."

TEACHER—"Who was the first man?" Head Scholar—"Washington: he was first in war, first in peace." Teacher—"No, no. Adam was the first man." Head Scholar—"Oh, if you're speaking of foreigners, I s'pose he was."

SCENE—Car bound to the shades of classic Harvard on the metals of the Union Road, filled with "our best people." He asks: "And, Miss Parkins, how do you like Salvini?" (rising in indignation). She replies: "Why, my dear Mr. Augustus, do you know, mamma never would let us girls eat those made-up dishes. Isn't she horrid? Don't you think Professor Proctor's lectures on astronomy are perfectly splendid?"

It would be a Breach of Faith and courtesy to disclose the secrets of a lady's toilet, else it would be easy to name hundreds of the sex who commenced using LARD'S BLOOM or YOUTH, when it was first introduced, twelve years ago, and who now look younger and fairer than they did then. Sold by all Druggists.

So HIGH a reputation has the Union Square Hotel gained for its matchless cuisine, that strangers and visitors to this metropolis actually travel miles to enjoy a meal at their table. The fame of Mr. Savori is spreading fast, and the best European judges pronounce him equal to Ude and Sover. As we have tried the excellence of Messrs. Dam & Sanborn's repasts, we advise all who wish to know what a perfect breakfast, lunch, dinner or supper is, to try one of these meals, when they will acknowledge that the cuisine of the Union Square Hotel is not excelled by any establishment of the kind in the world. The perfect order, decorum, elegance and fastidious cleanliness have given to the restaurant department of Messrs. Dam & Sanborn's Hotel a reputation which cannot fail to make it, *par excellence*, the place for an epicure to feel the greatest satisfaction. In addition we may add that the charges are most reasonable. We trust our readers will test the truth of our commendation by giving the Union Square Hotel a trial. But the excellence of the cuisine is only one of the claims which Messrs. Dam & Sanborn have upon the community. They have the finest rooms in New York, admirably appointed. They have, in fact, the quiet of a home, with the conveniences of the most trained domestics. The Union Square Hotel is also one of the most central spots in New York, being at an equal distance from all the leading places of public amusement, and in the very heart of fashionable shopping. This location is also one of the most eligible in the metropolis, not only for its healthfulness and pleasant position, but for its vivid prospect, as the habitues of the Union Square Hotel can from its windows see the complete panorama of American life ever presented. It is in this respect invaluable for foreign visitors, who are thus introduced into the very heart of American life.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, as will be seen by reference to advertisement in this paper, not only "still lives," but purposes to furnish a better paper during the ensuing year than ever before. It has long been the leading combined Rural, Literary and Family Weekly of America, and we trust its future prosperity will equal its past remarkable career.

AS THE rainy season is at hand, we advise all who want Umbrellas to call upon Isaac Smith's Son & Co., 405 Broadway, who have the largest and completest assortment of Umbrellas, Parasols, etc., in the city. Seasonable, sensible and serviceable Holiday Presents. They have them of all colors, sizes, etc. Their terms are very low.

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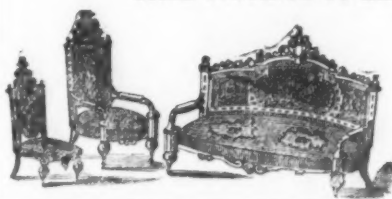
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